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JOHN BULL

Vol. LXXII. No. 888. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1922. TWOPENCE.

COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR WELL.
See Page 19.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

WHO IS THE FLEA?

by "A Gentleman with a Duster"

IF RHEUMATIC DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR MORNING TEA

Then watch the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness and other misery disappear. They simply HAVE to go, says ALICE LANDLES, certified nurse.

RHEUMATISM can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. It is a universally admitted and easily provable fact that various organic or other ills and weaknesses are directly due to toxins, germs, acids, or other impurities. For instance, uric acid causes gout, sciatica, neuritis, etc., whereas stomach acids cause dyspepsia. In fact, most other ailments—ranging all the way from tuberculosis to a common cold—have definitely been traced to blood impurities, germs and toxins of one kind or another. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course, various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity, is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid in that it *must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid.* Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry, of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and wash out the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids.

IF YOUR KIDNEYS ONLY HAD WINDOWS.

Then the cause of Backache, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, etc., would be no mystery, and you would know what to do.

If you could only look into the kidneys and see the appalling amount of damage inflicted upon the delicate cells by uric acid and other impurities! About a quart of blood passes through every twenty seconds, and healthy kidneys normally filter out of this and excrete during every twenty-four hours more than an ounce of uric acid, lime, urate of soda, and various other mineral impurities in solution. The trouble is that these acids, mineral salts, etc., accumulate rapidly, and *do not stay in solution* when weakened or deranged kidneys stop filtering them out regularly. Instead of remaining melted and in liquid form they deposit as they always crystals. These grind about in the blood vessels, greatly irritate the kidneys, and lodge in joints or tissues, also in certain nerve sheaths, particularly those of the back and legs. As already stated, blood analysis and the microscope prove this conclusively. A still better way to prove it is by drinking a medicinal water containing strongly alkaline elements, which are soon absorbed into the blood and quickly dissolve, neutralise and wash the acids and impurities out through the kidneys. The pains will naturally have to disappear with the acids and toxins which cause them. Non-alkaline preparations cannot possibly produce the same results because uric acid, like other acids, is neutralised only by an alkaline substance. A level teaspoonful or less of the refined Alkia Saltrates compound (powder form) dissolved in a tumbler of hot water (or better still in your tea) and taken before breakfast is all you need, and it is pleasant to drink, having no bitter, sour, salty or other objectionable taste. Any good chemist can supply a few ounces of this compound at very little cost.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. 246.O.), Euston Buildings, London, N.W. 1, who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 9d. size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for postage, packing, etc.

Choose from the following Pens:

No. 1 "De Luxe" Model, beautifully chased. Price (with ticket) **4/3**

No. 2 "Presentation" Model. "de luxe." G.M. Handsomely chased and mounted with two 18 ct. R.G. bands. A lovely gift. Price (with ticket) **6/-**

No. 3 "Safety" Model. Latest improvements. When closed nib section is drawn into barrel; carried safely in any position. Price (with ticket) **7/-**

No. 4 "Screw Cap" Model, made of hard-cut vulcanite; fitted with security cap; extra large gold nib. Worth 15/- Price (with ticket) **7/-**

No. 5 Lever Self-Filling Model, "The King of Pens." A beautiful model, latest improvements; screw cap; guaranteed for five years. Worth 17/6. Price (with ticket) **8/9**

3d. should be added to the price of each pen to cover cost of postage & insurance.

Let "John Bull" hand you £3,000

as a New Year's Gift with one of these Pens.

JOHN BULL'S offer of a chance to win a huge handful of money—first prize £3,000—is still waiting for you! You have still time to participate in the Prize List amounting to £5,000 in all. The chance to get a Pen at such an amazing low price and at the same time win a small fortune is something that may never come your way again. Seize it Now!

Our Offer.—Get any of the Pens illustrated, and we will purchase on your behalf a 2/6 Ticket in the GREAT Poster BALLOT. Accept the Ticket as a Present from JOHN BULL. With your Ticket will be sent a sheet containing reproductions of Fifteen Posters. All you have to do to become eligible for one of the Big Prizes is to place Ten of the Posters in what you consider their proper order of merit. £3,000 for a piece of good judgment!

In addition to the First Prize of £3,000, there is a Second Prize of £1,000; a Third of £350; Fourth, £200; Fifth, £100; and other Cash Prizes from £10 to £1—in all, £5,000.

Our supply of Ballot Tickets is rapidly dwindling. When the last Ticket is delivered, the Offer will be withdrawn, and your opportunity gone. Sign and post the Coupon To-day, before it is too late.

All Pens guaranteed and fitted with 14 ct. solid gold nibs, iridium tipped. Money refunded if not satisfied. The coupon brings both the Pen chosen and the Voting Ticket. Offer applies only to readers in the British Isles.

£5,000 in PRIZES
New Year Gift Coupon.

To JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me Pen. No. ..... fitted with broad, medium, fine nib (cross out grade not required). I enclose cheque/P.O. for ....., including 3d. extra for postage and insurance. Please include without extra charge a 2s. 6d. Voting Ticket in the GREAT Poster BALLOT and full particulars.

Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B.30.12.22

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.
Address: The Advertisement Manager "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High-street, Manchester.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (wholesale). Reduced Price. 20-page Price List free, full of Bargains in General Drapery, Vests, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. L.), 96, High Street, Manchester. (The English Firm.)

AGENTS WANTED.

ADD to your weekly earnings by selling in spare time Boots, Clothing, Household Drapery, Lino, Carpets, etc. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply to Freemans, Contractors H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

£5 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED by becoming a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. No experience or outlay needed.—Write Golden Book and Free Working Outfit, JOHN BULL, Section 2, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for armourers, acetylene welders, clerks (general and stores accounting), fitters, cooks and butchers, drivers (petrol, winch and stationary oil engines), motor cyclists, power station and shift engineers; also for semi-skilled drivers, petrol, and unskilled men of good education. Ages, ex Service 18 to 30, civilians 18 to 26. Pay starts 3/- to 4/- a day. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. There are also a few vacancies for ex-Royal Army Pay Corps clerks under special conditions for four years' service. Maximum age limit 38 years. Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.; R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church Street, Birmingham; R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 298, Bath Street, Glasgow.

EMIGRATION.

FARM LABOURERS, experienced, WANTED FOR ONTARIO, Canada; to sail next spring. Also farmers with small capital. Situations guaranteed. — Particulars free from Ontario Government Office, 163, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? (PROSPECTUS B60.) —The most powerful combination of "County," Country and "Net Sale" Newspapers ever collected in one group at inclusive rates of 7/- per line, and 65/- per inch, with service. Territory, 20 counties; or—
(PROSPECTUS A).—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers (13 counties) for 7/10. London and Suburban series same price.—Write, stating which prospectus required, Butolph & Dickson (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. 'Phone: City 832.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay for 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Journal Chambers, Pelham Street, Nottingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

BILLIARD Table to place on your dining table, from £7 15s.; suit any room; easy payments.—Write for free list to E. J. Riley, Limited, Barbican Works, Accrington.

PLAYS, DIALOGUES, STUMP SPEECHES, English, Irish and Scotch Reciters, Song Books, Joke Books and Funny Stories, Jew Jokes, Home Games, Recitations and Riddles for Children, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, &c. Send for McGlennon's Wonderful Catalogue. —FELIX McGLENNON, LTD. (Desk No. 27), 9, City Garden Row, London, N.1.

WRITE for our Catalogue of Boots, Clothing, Watches, Clocks, etc., easy terms, 4/- monthly. —Master's, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, Rye.

CHINA, Earthenware, crates from £3. Tea, Dinner and Toilet ware, great variety. Lists free.—Denbigh Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

PEACH'S Annual Sale, Curtains, Casement materials, muslins, cretonnes, linens. Send for sale cat.—S. Peach & Sons, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS, Overcoatings and Velours. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 22, Victoria Sq., Bradford.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

PIANO learnt at a glance; no teacher needed. Complete, easy method, 2s.—Domestic Co., 5, Bigyn Ter., Llanelly.

GARDENING.

SEED, Plant, Rose and Fruit Tree Catalogue now ready. 100,000 given away; send for yours. Apple Trees, 1/- each; Roses, 8d.; Peas, 6d. pkt.; Beans, 6d. pkt.—Letts & Son, Growers, 80, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

SEEDS, Pedigree Strains. Keenest Prices. Government germination guaranteed. Scotch Seed Potatoes, Edwards, Scots, 10/- cwt.; Shallots, 14-lb. 9/6. 64-page Cat. free. Bulbs, Roses, Fruit Trees, Tools. Ellison's, W. Bromwich.

DOBBIE & CO., LTD., ROYAL SEEDSMEN, EDINBURGH, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free, if this paper is mentioned.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

IF YOU ARE not keen to make big money as a Commercial Traveller, don't answer this advertisement; if you are, we can help you.—Write for our free booklet, Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

MAKE FEAR IMPOSSIBLE.—Be sure of yourself. Master Emotional Weaknesses. Cultivate absolute self-mastery. Amazing result effected by simple practice, you can call to your aid in any emergency. Personally dictated Course of Instruction. Free to all who have the initiative to send name and address. Do not enclose stamps or fee.—D. Dumoret, Physio-psychologist (Box 122), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SCRIPT SHORTHAND, the original "easy" Scripthand system. Still easiest to learn, to write, to read.—Full particulars and first lesson post free from Dept. I, Script Shorthand, 126, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver, with Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. —Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Also advanced and Engineering Courses.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 335, High Holborn, London.

WHERE SUCCESS IS WAITING.—Particulars free.—The Home Study Association, 50, Ashby Street, Norwich.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a Specialist's cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 34-38, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

ENERGOTS BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet daily. Trial Box (60 tabs.), 1/6.—Energots (Dept. J.B.), 12, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOMŒOPATHIC CURATIVE INSTITUTE, 24, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Medical Advice and Treatment will be sent in reply to any inquiry by letter Write now.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham

OVERWORKED NERVES.—If your Store of Energy is lowered by overstrain or illness, send for a convincing trial supply of a wonderful new remedy that acts instantaneously on jaded nerves, restores lost vitality, and strengthens the system. — Enclose 6d. stamps to the Dumoret Laboratories (Box 3), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES; highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 3/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.R.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

MOTHERHOOD'S NEW ERA.—Matrozone is a preparation which prepares the mother's constitution for the strain of Maternity, so that childbirth is robbed of its fears. Matrozone ensures safe and easy accouchment, imparting health and brightness to the child. Boots', Taylors and other chemists sell it, or will obtain it, price 12/-. In case of difficulty, send direct to Matrozone Co., North Shields, who will also send fuller particulars on receipt of stamp.

BLADDER WEAKNESS.—This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 3/6, bottle, post free, or write for partics., "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

FITS can be cured quickly and permanently by a reliable home-made remedy. Avoid patent medicines.—Full particulars free from Whitby and Co., Desk "B," Winsford, Cheshire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTHING unfits men and women of to-day like constipation. It is the first step to permanent ill-health. Dr. Jenner's Remedy cures it. Free trial sample and particulars from Jones, Chemist, 22, Bournemouth.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

"MEND-A-TEAR" makes mending tears—in clothes and mackintoshes—an amusement. No stitches, just a hot iron. Send us a 2d. stamp for free sample, you'll soon be convinced. Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

From a Photo by Personality Photo Press
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED SUIT.

A 6 GUINEA ALL WOOL Blue Serge SUIT for £3 : 10 : 0 TO MEASURE.

Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk and absolutely guaranteed

ALL WOOL

By Conditioning House Certificate quoted below.

Cut and tailored to your own measurements (we are exclusively measure tailors doing no ready-made trade). You will have a suit produced by experts with eighteen years' actual and practical experience of clothes building.

Report of the Conditioning House on the material from which this remarkable £3 10 0 Blue Serge Suit is made:

"I HAVE ANALYSED THIS PATTERN OF CLOTH, AND FIND IT COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF WOOL." Signed E. H. TOWNEND, for the CITY OF BRADFORD CORPORATION

NO OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD COULD WORK ON OUR LOW MARGIN OF PROFIT.

£4 : 10 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL OVERCOAT
"Warmth without weight"
To measure for
£2 : 2 : 0
(lined throughout)
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS.
The Choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this Suit could be wished.

£3 : 3 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1 : 10 : 0

£12 : 12 : 0
BOND STREET DINNER SUIT for
£6 : 6 : 0
Full Swallow Tail EVENING DRESS
£6 : 10 : 0

FREE Send for Free Patterns of all these wonderful values.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.
YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write,

(J.B. Dpt.) 26, City Rd., London, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4209.

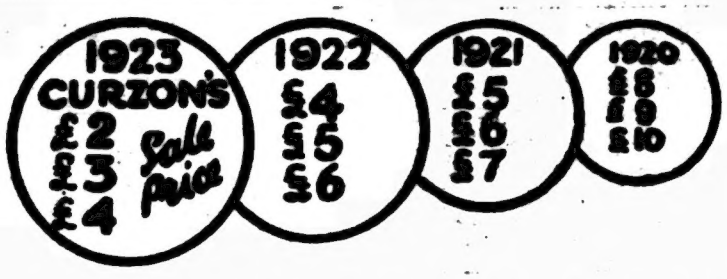
No matter how Tall or how Big You will benefit by Curzon's Great Suit Sale

Clearance Sale of Yorkshire & Scotch Manufacturers' Stocks of Suitings.

Curzon's take "Extreme Measures" to give Satisfaction

14 DAYS ONLY.

All New and up-to-date Cloths. No Old or Government Surplus Goods.



Realising that an offer of ordinary values to readers of JOHN BULL in the month of January would be of little or no interest to them, our buyer was commissioned to scour the Yorkshire and Scotch markets with a view of securing any bargains that could be found so that we could again make an extraordinary New Year's offer of Suits to Measure at exceptional prices. He was fortunate in securing enough material for only 2,000 Suits at prices much below cost of manufacture; and this, coupled with the fact that textiles are soaring daily in prices, makes our offer all the more interesting and valuable from our customers' point of view.

The Cloths have been divided in three categories as shown below, and each is guaranteed to be a real bargain. We have no hesitation in stating that such values will certainly not be purchasable in 1923 again, once these cloths are sold out.

In your own interest you should not fail to see the splendid cloths comprised in these offers.

£2
Suit to measure
(Average value £3 10 0)

This range comprises—**All-Wool Solid Worsted Indigo Blue Serge, Black and Blue Vicunas, Mid-Grey and Dark Grey Cheviots, Grey, Brown and Fancy Tweeds and Stripes.**

£3
Suit to measure
(Average value £4 15 0)

In this range are included—**All-Wool Indigo Dyed Worsted Serge, Grey Cheviots, Grey Pinheads, Fancy Worsteds, Fawn, Brown, Grey and Heather Mixture and Lovat Tweeds, also Pure All-Wool Scotch Tweeds.**

£4
Suit to measure
(Average value £6 6 0)

This range includes—**Pure Botany All-Wool Indigo Dyed Blue Serge, Saxony Tweeds and Glen Checks in Greys, Fawns and Browns, Fancy Worsteds and Cheviots, also a few Pure All-Wool West of England Tweeds.**

FOR 14 DAYS ONLY.

Write at once for free patterns, with which we will also send you free Fashion Booklet, Tape and Measure Chart, by means of which a perfect fit is assured, no matter where you live. Keen Bargain Seekers are particularly invited, as we know the values we are offering are absolutely unobtainable elsewhere.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO TALL AND BIG MEN.

During this Sale we are charging no extras whatever, either for style or size, so that abnormally sized men will benefit two-fold. No matter how tall or how big you are (the bigger the better—as we are adepts at fitting Herculean figures), you will not have to pay one penny over and above the fixed prices.

THE ADVANTAGE OF PLACING ORDERS EARLY!

In addition to getting the first choice from the full selection of materials (that is, before the best of them get snapped up), there is the further advantage of having at the present time your order carefully tailored and fashioned in our own workrooms—as compared with delivery in the spring, when everyone is pressing for his order and goods are being rushed through.

FROM 10 TO 14 DAYS ARE REQUIRED FOR EXECUTION OF ORDERS.

You run no risk whatever, our well-known guarantee to refund you your purchase money holding good in the event of our clothes not giving you every satisfaction.

FREE PATTERNS.

To those unable to call at any of our branches, free patterns with easy self-measure form will be sent if the Coupon at foot of this announcement is filled in and posted. By means of our self-measure form you can be measured in your own home, and a perfect fit is assured under our guarantee. A perfect fit can also be guaranteed if an old well-fitting Suit is sent to us as a guide.

For Patterns and Postal Business write only to—

CURZON BROS., Ltd., The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept J.B.), 70 & 72, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1

Head Office Depot : 70 and 72, City Road, London, E.C.
West End : *107, Strand, W.C. 158, Strand, W.C. 112, New Oxford Street, W.C. 28 and 29, Chancery Lane, W.C. 58, Southampton Row, W.C. *13, Old Compton Street, W.
City : *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C. 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 115, Fleet Street, E.C.
Deptford : *Chesham House, Broadway.
Woolwich : *58, Powis Street, and *43, Hare Street.
Forest Gate : *39, Woodgrange Road.
Shoreditch : *185 and 187, Old Street, E.C.
Euston : *13, Hampstead Road.
Poplar : *263, East India Dock Road.
Finchley : *13, King's Parade, Church End.
Kingston-on-Thames : *27, Market Place.
Richmond & Twickenham : *354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).
Sutton (Surrey) : *129, High Street.
Grays (Essex) : *71-73, High Street.
Southend-on-Sea : *58, High Street.
Westcliff-on-Sea : *Hamlet Court Road.
Coventry : *High Street (adjoining Lloyds Bank).

Those starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

CUT HERE

USE THIS COUPON.

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To
CURZON Bros., Ltd. (The World's Measure Tailors), 70 & 72, City Road, London, E.C. 1.

Please send me, free of all charge, the patterns of suitings as above described, together with self-measure form, fashion book, etc. This entails no obligation on me, but if I do order, it is on your guarantee and conditions in your advertisement.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please write clearly.

Vol XXXII. N. 863
Week ending Saturday
Dec. 30, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London W.C. 2
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

A Wish and a Prophecy.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all our readers. And if we read the signs aright it should be both — even for the many now unemployed.

Have They Forgotten?

But reduced taxation is the first essential to help forward this trade revival. When Parliament reassembles it would be as well to have another look at the Geddes Report.

At Last!

So the Prime Minister has received a deputation of the unemployed after all—in Glasgow! It would have been more fitting to receive them in London while Parliament was sitting!

Micawber Finance.

The £ can now look the dollar squarely in the face. Britain did not accomplish this by waiting for something to turn up. Other European countries with Micawber financiers, please note!

Where America Comes In.

America may yet play an important part in the solution of Europe's financial mess. Mr. Baldwin's visit to U.S. is convincing proof that *we* shall pay our debts. That fact will, sooner or later, bring America into line.

Financial Humbug.

The Allies should invite the German Government to deal drastically with her own financiers, who are deliberately depreciating the mark by keeping their funds abroad—chiefly in Holland. *Germany is not so poor as she would like us to believe.*

Waiting.

"Austen" is waiting patiently for his chance of returning to office, and, as everything comes to him who waits in politics, you can take it from us that the son of Joseph will not have to wait long.

Opposition F v I.

One of the comedies of the next Parliamentary session will be the rivalries on the Opposition Benches. Each will be trying to steal a march on the others. And the Government will sit back and smile.

Democratic Autocracy.

Bermondsey Borough Council has made Trade Unionism compulsory for all its employees. This is coming dangerously near interference with the liberty of the subject.

The Idea!

Mr. Maxton, M.P., wants to move the Houses of Parliament from London to Yorkshire. But we prefer to have Parliament where we can keep an eye on it.

Who Pays?

The British taxpayer is looking askance at the dubious financial methods obtaining in Palestine. We cannot afford to provide the Jews with a National Home they don't want.

Get Together.

France is again accusing her Allies of trickery, this time over the Washington Agreement. Until all the Allies stop squabbling and get together Fritz will continue to do—nothing.

Who *DID* Win?

And surely it is time a definite warning was given to Germany to cease the campaign of insults levelled against visitors. Once again we ask—Who *did* win the War?

Wicked Waste.

Tons of good fish are being used for fertilising because the high rail rates make their sale for food unprofitable. Efficient road transport would make the railway companies see reason.

Come Off It!

One or two Front Benchers have profoundly irritated the Opposition by giving themselves airs. They would be well advised to climb down next session, or they may lose their perches altogether.

Arbuckle Again!

America is condoning Fatty Arbuckle's little affair, since he is to be allowed to return to film work. We can't imagine a British audience forgetting his real character sufficiently to laugh at his antics again.

State-made Madmen.

Cannot some of the lightning calculators of Whitehall tell us how many lunatics are made yearly by subjecting "suspects" to the terrifying experience of living in the same ward as real "loonies." From all we hear, the number is considerable.

To Readers.

The next issue of "John Bull" will be on sale on Wednesday as usual.

Reparations.

The Prime Minister aims at bringing off a big *coup* on reparations. This will be the complete answer to sneers about "first-class brains."

Strange!

Four years after the "war to end war" we are spending £139,000,000 on armaments, more than one quarter of the whole of Europe's armament expenditure in 1913. What for?

More Economy!

The G.P.O. is to "economise" by making postmen and telegraph boys wear their clothes and boots longer. What we want is some *real* economy that will reduce the crushing burden of taxation.

Why?

Why does the Government not apply the Dangerous Drugs Act with the utmost stringency and stamp out the "dope" traffic? Perhaps vested interests and dividends are an explanation!

A Timely Complaint.

We are glad to note that Sir Auckland Geddes has complained at last about the scandalous way British immigrants into the United States are treated on Ellis Island. The conditions there are a disgrace to America.

Equal Opportunities.

That the clergy can serve on the L.C.C. and on borough, county and district councils, but may not become Members of Parliament—although their wives may—is an anomaly that Parliament should put right.

Welcome Publicity.

Keith, or "Selfridge," cited in the Berry divorce case, does not come out of the affair with credit. But he is not alone. Lawyers could tell of scores of men who find it pays to seek the company of women likely to figure in the Divorce Court.

A Wise Move

To hand over juvenile offenders to picked Scout Troops, as one Magistrates' Probation Committee proposes, is a tribute to the Scout movement and to the wisdom of the Magistrates concerned. Prison only makes criminals of youthful offenders.

How It Was Done.

The American rights of the much-discussed Lloyd George articles were refused to the anti-British Hearst Press for reasons that did credit to the Welsh Wizard's heart. They were sold to the United Press, who re-sold them to Hearst. That's one way of ensuring a clear conscience.

Heartless Robbery.

Mr. Albert Radford, of Lyneham, Wilts, a blind ex-Service man, has been robbed of his wallet containing nearly £20 and a lucky black cat. This is meaner than giving a blind man a ha'penny and stealing his dog.

A Case for the Cat.

The number of cases of immoral conduct towards children is not likely to decrease unless there is some alteration in the punishment of such unspeakable rogues as George Thomas Phillips, who pleaded guilty of indecent behaviour towards a girl of twelve years. At the Justiciary Buildings, Glasgow, Phillips very properly received twenty months. But why not the Cat! It's the only cure.

Dust to Dust.

Edward Ernest Hutton, ex-hero and unemployed, gave up the struggle to exist with wife and four children on 30s. a week, and killed himself. He has been buried in a pauper's grave at Ilford. The coffin was covered by the Union Jack, and as only two mourners are permitted to follow a pauper to the abode of tranquillity the undertaker himself provided a coach for four others. "A grateful country will never forget you."

No Place Like Home.

The position of Leah Newman, Axford, Marlborough, is indeed pathetic. For 34 years she lived in a cottage which was unfit for habitation, and, apart from the question of rent arrears, the landlord naturally wanted Mrs. Newman to go. An effort was made to find the old lady accommodation elsewhere, but she declared she would rather live under a hedge than leave her native village. When will that National Housing Scheme be forthcoming?

A Life Sentence.

Charles Watson, a boy aged 14, has been sent to a reformatory for five years by the Ross Magistrates for stealing a flash-lamp from a local shop. This was the lad's first offence, and it is doubtful whether he had any deliberately criminal intent. To condemn a child so young to five years in the atmosphere of a reformatory is tantamount to a life sentence, for this disproportionate punishment will leave its mark upon him all his life.

Bereaved Mother's Plea.

Having lost her ten-year-old daughter, who was knocked down and killed by a motor-car, Mrs. Emmanuel, of Evelyn Street, Deptford, in the midst of her grief, had a thought for other mothers and other children. "The road is very dark when the shops are shut," she told the Coroner. "There should be more lights for the sake of the many children who cross the road." The powers that be must investigate immediately the bereaved mother's complaint.

The Fainting Poacher.

According to the Laws of England poaching is a crime, but circumstances may arise when the poacher should be more an object of pity than of condemnation. This seems to us to be the case in respect of Frederick J. Jones, a woodcutter, of the Buckholt, Monmouth, who was found with a gun, a bag, and a freshly killed pheasant in his possession. When apprehended he fainted from weakness. Poverty and starvation had made this man a poacher. We are sorry that he has been sent to prison for fourteen days by the Harewood Justices.

A Practical Christian.

P.C. Herbert Butler, of Whittington, Lichfield, was killed, while riding a motor-cycle through colliding with a dray. While Butler lay by the roadside, the Rev. J. W. Pape came along, took off his coat and waistcoat, and tore them up to make bandages for the dying man. The action was commended by the Coroner. Such a practical example of Christianity certainly deserved it.

The Girls Pay.

The love story of Olive Perceval Fellows, of Hurst Hill, Wolverhampton, is really too tragic for words. She surrendered herself—body and soul—to her lover, and when she realised her unhappy plight she flung herself into the canal. On the conscience of some heartless man rests her death, and we hope that this paragraph may be the means of bringing home to him his vile conduct.

Money and Mercy in Scotland.

There are kind-hearted Justices at Irvine, Scotland. At the J.P. Court a young furnaceman was charged with stealing coal from wagons at a neighbouring pit. Accused, who had been unemployed for two years and had a wife and children to keep, asked time to pay, but, on promising to stop stealing, and also to endeavour to get others in the district to do likewise, the Justices paid the fine of £1. This is really tempering justice with mercy.

Foreigners Preferred!

Another tragedy of unemployment. James Smith, master mariner, of Cardiff, came home with his ship eighteen months ago, and although he had been down to the docks every day since in search of work, he was unable to get any. In his despair he asphyxiated himself by putting his head into a gas oven. Meanwhile, Welsh shipowners continue to employ foreigners on their ships. It is time the Government put a stop to this scandal.

Tommies' Farewell to Erin.

It is characteristic of the emotional, fitful, hospitable Irish people that they should have given such a rousing, affectionate send-off to the British troops evacuating Ireland. "The enemies of Ireland," the Irish Free State Commander called the troops, yet we read of Tommies playing accordions and mouth-organs while colleens danced and rushed forward to kiss them amid strange cries of "Come back soon." Come back to Erin!

Free Beer Refused.

Rochdale should tie bricks to the necks of its fourteen Pussyfoot Guardians and drown them in the cold water they love so much. When a man of kindly thought offered three barrels of honest ale to make a merry Christmas for the inmates, seven sensible women voted for acceptance—and fourteen killjoys voted against. So the unfortunate poor were denied their drop o' ale on Christmas Day. What is Rochdale thinking of to have such narrow bigots as Guardians of its poor?

Famine Stalks in Wales.

Famine stalks through the mining valleys of South Wales almost as terribly as it does in Soviet Russia. The colliers are getting some work, it is true, but at what pay? In many cases, after the companies have deducted rent, coal, unemployment, sickness and other charges from the wage all that is left for the man to take home to his wife is two or three shillings. Watch South Wales, for there is bound to be an upheaval there if things do not improve.

Where Taxes Cease from Troubling.

Edward Bellamy Berstead (61), laundry proprietor, committed suicide and left a letter to explain that the worry over taxation was "too much" for him. A verdict of temporary insanity was returned. Mr. Stanley Baldwin, please note.

The Kindly Magistrate.

Of late, fortune has not been too kind to Percy Howard King, a coloured barrister. He was thinking of Christmas and his little boys, and was caught in the act of stealing two books, but Mr. Symmons, the kindly Marylebone magistrate, bound him over under the First Offenders' Act. A commendable piece of seasonable good will, Mr. Symmons. You deserve a Happy New Year.

Tax and Then Relieve.

The Norfolk Guardians are in a fix. A labourer with 10 children and in receipt of 28s. a week had been granted 8s. a week relief. They have been officially instructed that such action is illegal. It is a reversion to the pernicious system of a century ago of subsidising low wages from public funds. The method of relief is to abolish the indirect taxes that the poorest have to pay.

Farmer and Fiend.

George Milburn, farmer, is not a man for whom anything but contempt can be felt. The way he treated his hired lad was disgraceful. He thrashed the youth, kicked him in the back with heavy clogs, pitchforked his ear, broke his finger, and gave him two black eyes. For doing these things he was ordered by the Barrow County Court Judge to pay £50. He deserved six months' hard labour.

Jolly Good Guardians.

It is pleasant to be able to say a good word for a Board of Guardians, for most of those bodies appear to partake of the curmudgeon character. However, by the time these lines appear, the inmates of Devonport Workhouse will have enjoyed a Christmas dinner of pork and chicken, washed down with pints of beer, generously supplied by the Guardians themselves, some of whom are teetotallers! If it is necessary to be poor, Devonport for us!

Leniency Holds Sway.

When the Duncan bench of Magistrates has to deal with a drunken road hog and lets him off with a £5 fine they show themselves poor judges of justice. Reginald Noble Richardson, of Belgrave Road, was dealt with in this way. He was staggering drunk, and his swerving car was being driven along the road by him at a speed of 30 miles an hour. Richardson's wife was in the car, and might have been killed. He ought to have been sent to gaol as a lesson not to do it again.

A Fierce Sort of Lamb.

Of the many cases of cruelty to children that of James Lamb, 89, West Street, Glasgow, stands out as the most vile. This beast neglected his children when his delicate wife was unable to attend them. One had his leg broken, but although asked to fetch the doctor Lamb did nothing, and it was not till a week later, when the maternity nurse called, that the child was relieved of the terrible pain. When a baby was born there was nothing in the house, this brute having gone off with his wages as well as the maternity money. Three months' hard means nothing to one misnamed Lamb.

Theatre Built by Three.

Mr. John Jones, of Shotton, assisted by his two sons, has built a theatre to seat 1,200 people. The work took three years, and 2,500 tons of material were used. The bureaucrats are entering on their fourth year of talk about building homes for heroes.

Prohibition and the Profiteer.

A new light on the Prohibition ramp is shed by a correspondent who writes from America: "I don't know whether you gather that most of the Prohibition talk is a put-up show to head people off the real one. They are trying to run in all the war profiteers, who made ours at home look like mere amateurs by what they are said to have done during the war."

No Ca' Canny.

The miners of Bardsworth Main Colliery, Derby, have no time to waste on ca' canny. Their record of 5,500 tons of coal raised in 13 hours is one of which they may feel proud. These are not times, if times ever were, for slacking. They are times to materialise the great behest of Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name."

An Invention Wanted.

During shunting operations Henry Thomas Williams, of Rhyl, was crushed to death while stepping between a van and the buffers of a landing stage. Williams broke certain official regulations by this action, but it is impossible both to respect the rules and carry out the allotted tasks. Surely the wit of man can devise some method to minimise the terrible toll taken of human life in the railway yards.

The Hat Trick.

The London Hat Co., of 41, Red Lion Street, E.C., badly needs speeding up, since they take an unconscionable time to execute orders for the 2s. 9d. hats advertised by them in the Sunday newspapers. To cite a single example, a Somerset reader sent this firm 2s. 9d. for a hat well over a month ago, but up to date has only received a laconic postcard saying: "Despatching. Very Busy. Please Excuse." We fear that hat will be out of fashion by the time it arrives.

John Potts—Menace to Women.

John Robert Potts, of Ashley Road, Hale, with an office in Hopwood Street, is a Manchester tradesman who, during the next twelve months, will not have the opportunity of molesting honest working women. Potts is a scoundrel lost to every sense of chivalry, and out only to achieve his own diabolical ends. He was an employer of women, and when members of the sex came to him for a job he attempted to outrage them. Second division punishment will not make a man of Potts.

The Dancing Canon.

When all clergymen are wise, as the Rev. Canon Davies, Vicar of Wrexham, is wise, there will be fewer of these sex tragedies that arise from casual acquaintanceship in common dance halls. Dancing is healthy, and it appeals to the young. If they cannot dance in well-lighted places, under proper supervision—they will dance. The Canon likes dancing and encourages it when it is indulged in cleanly. So do we, and one of the ways to keep it clean is for the clergy to take an interest in what their young folk *want*, as the Vicar of Wrexham does.

Absolute Scandal.

We agree with Dr. Kerr, medical officer of Newcastle, that the exploitation of tenants of alleged "furnished apartments" is an "absolute scandal." A revised Rent Act should put an end to it once and for all.

Short Shrift for Shylock.

When the representative of a firm of moneylenders asked Sir Alfred Tobin at Westminster County Court for an order against a debtor of £6 a week forthwith, the Judge promptly said "No order. If moneylenders ask too much they get nothing here." Not a bad way of clipping Shylock's wings.

Is It Motoritis?

In a school attendance case heard at Kingston it was stated that a girl who, suffering from a throat affection, was in the habit of making "a noise like a motor horn" at school, was dragged out and made to stand in a corner. The Magistrates held that it was a case for medical examination. And quite right, too. A child so afflicted needs pity, not punishment.

Prospect and Retrospect

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

IT has been said that youth is a mirage, manhood a fever, old age a regret.

This is a cursory summing up of human life, not necessarily cynical, and to a large extent true.

One could imagine the Recording Angel saying it with sorrow.

Most of us start life with illusions, pursue phantoms, perceive our errors too late.

He is fortunate indeed over whose short earthly story no darker shadow hangs.

Hence it is natural to take stock of ourselves at special seasons, and of these the end and beginning of a year are the most obvious.

Youth may be eager and gay about it, but maturity knows better than to expect too much of the future or think lightly of the past.

Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Would we do better with time if we could have it over again? Sir James Barrie in "Dear Brutus" suggests that we should not, and he has many wise men on his side.

Character determines destiny, and what we fundamentally are, changes so little from year to year that we should probably make the same mistakes if we had our chance again in different circumstances.

But this is not always true. It is not wholly true of anyone.

We do change, and we do learn with the passing of the years.

He is not the same man at sixty who at twenty was prepared to wreck his whole career at the bidding of passion.

Let us hope his heart is no colder now, though it be less impetuous.

Experience should look with a very kindly and tolerant eye upon the faults of inexperience as we wish each other A Happy New Year.

Time is relentless in his swift course, but for every opportunity he sweeps away he leaves another behind.

The best of all Time's gifts is the insight that enables us to make life gladder and sweeter for those we love.

Grit.

A London police inspector gave an out-of-work a pair of boots. Later the man wrote that he had walked to Cardiff and had found a job, and sent 2s. for the court poor-box. May he keep the job. Nothing is too good for such a man.

Better Day—Better Deed.

The Rev. J. Prankerd, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Newmarket, has some of the wisdom of Solomon, for in the course of a sermon he said that if it was right to play a game on Monday it was right to play it on Sunday. The Fourth Commandment did not forbid games on the Sabbath; it only enjoined rest. That is our pill for Puritanical kill-joys.

"Teaching the Young Idea——."

Although the Bradford school teacher who was suspended on suspicion of having tried to instil Socialistic doctrines in the minds of his pupils has been reinstated after an inquiry, there is no doubt that some of the lower ranks of the scholastic fraternity are guilty of this foolish practice. It is only unprincipled Civil Servants who will seek to undermine the Constitution under which they earn their living.

Sequel to Suicide.

For the sake of Norfolk ratepayers we shall hope that the Finance Committee of Norfolk County will succeed in their laudable effort to persuade the Ministry of Health to recognise responsibility for the failure of their auditors in detecting and arresting the £50,000 defalcations of Harvey, the clerk of the Council who committed suicide. An extra rate of 8d. in the £ is a high price to pay for frauds which competent auditing would have revealed.

"To Him That Hath——."

In normal times, when unemployment is at a minimum, we see no reason why a pensioner should not supplement his income by taking on a job instead of remaining in idleness. But when thousands of worthy men are seeking work, it seems unfair that others, pensioned as high as £3 3s. a week, should be given jobs worth as much again in wages. Yet this is true of certain employees at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, where police pensioners fill the role of watchmen.

Easy Money for Somebody.

There are more money-making schemes which are money-losing swindles than anyone could count. We show them up week after week. But there are one or two which are really genuine; and as our motto is "Justice," we like to pat these on the back. We've made enquiries about the Great Hospitals Competition (which has headquarters at Devonshire House, Piccadilly), whereby a 5s. ticket may win £7,500; and what we say now to our readers is: "Go in and win. It's worth a try."

"Peeping Tom."

In a recent paragraph we erroneously stated that Mr. Martin O'Connor, of Greaves Street, Blackburn, had conceived the habit of peeping under his neighbour's bedroom window blinds at night, and that when caught he had summoned his captor for assault. As a matter of fact, it was O'Connor who caught the "Peeping Tom" and was summoned for assault upon the man he had caught peeping, which summons was promptly dismissed by Blackburn's wise Magistrates. We regret that we should have published the paragraph, and tender our apologies to Mr. O'Connor for the hurt we have caused him.

THE INCONSTANT LOVERS

The Amours of Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson

Bywaters' association with Mrs. Thompson is known, but his relations with other girls have never been revealed.

IT would seem according to the professional purveyors of sloppy sentiment that young Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson have been the hero and the heroine in a love idyll that will rank in the pages of posterity's romance with the love story of Abelard and Heloise.

But the truth is that the couple who have figured in the sordid Ilford crime cannot lay claim to even this doubtful distinction, at any rate the woman cannot.

One is disposed to make allowances for Bywaters. He was young and impressionable, at the stage when he was most likely to be influenced by women, especially those older than himself who had the art of making the most of physical attractions to stir up the warm blood of youth.

So far from being passionately devoted to this woman Thompson that he could not bear to look on other women, Fred Bywaters had, as a matter of fact, several lady friends with whom his relations were of such a cordial character that they gave rise to the belief that he was in love with them.

One was the girl in Australia, the lady whose letters were passed on to Mrs. Thompson when Bywaters had ceased to be under the spell of his Antipodean amour. The mere preservation of the letters of one woman to show them to another hardly bespeaks the chivalrous lover.

But even in this country Bywaters had at least another string to his bow in the young lady with whom he was seen frequently, the missing lady assumed by his relatives to be his fiancée.

And at the same time the woman was deceiving her lover as well as her husband. She poured into the sympathetic ears of Bywaters the story of her unhappiness due to her mistaken marriage to an unappreciative husband, but not a word did she say of the appreciative lovers who filled his place when he was at sea.

Did Bywaters ever hear of the other men who were in the habit of receiving those notes that he himself used to wait for near the business place of the woman?

Yet such men had their part in this woman's life. To all outward appearances they were in turn as much her lovers as Bywaters. The only difference was that as they did not feel called upon to murder the husband, whom this type of woman always finds in the way, they did not come before the public as heroes of a drama calculated to make certain sentimental folk shed more tears than would float the largest ship that ever had Bywaters on its pay roll.

All the time she was writing those passionate letters to the absent lover Mrs. Thompson found time for the society of the consolers who were favoured in their turn.

And there is ground for belief that one of the men over whom there was a quarrel with both husband and Bywaters at this time was subsequently promoted to the position of chief consoler for the absence of Bywaters when the latter joined his ship.

At any rate he was seen several times in the company of the woman during the lunch and tea intervals, and on some of the afternoons when she pleaded diplomatic illness in order to get away from business.

She selected her male friends from the younger generation, boys on the threshold of manhood, and in some of her more confidential moments she boasted to her girl friends of her success in charming the hearts of these impressionable youths.

So whatever else Edith Thompson may have been she can hardly rank as a model of constancy to either her husband or her ill-fated and misguided admirer, Fred Bywaters.

HARPIES ON THE RHINE

How British Soldiers Are Duped

The subtlety and treachery of German women in the occupied areas are revealed in the following article.

ARE the authorities blind to the manner in which harpies are preying on our young soldiers in the Rhineland? There is no other explanation of incidents that we believe to be of more frequent occurrence than the public realise.

From time to time we read of British soldiers marrying happily into German families, and the German Press makes the most of these supposed romances.

The majority of these romances are the result of visits to the dancing resorts and other social functions provided with the connivance of the German authorities with the idea that it is good propaganda to use their women folk to get on the soft side of the British soldier and thus sow the seeds of enmity to France.

We are quite ready to believe that some of them turn out happily, yet we have good ground for saying that far too many of them turn out otherwise, and, indeed, could not be expected to turn out happily.

Why? Because the young soldiers entering into these unions are the dupes and the victims of some of the worst harpies in the world, women with pasts who frequent these resorts of gaiety in the occupied zones that are encouraged by the German authorities.

The military authorities on the Rhineland are from time to time granting facilities for these mixed marriages, but they never seem to make any inquiries into the antecedents of the prospective brides, and only after the ceremony is performed does the young husband find that he is in the clutches of the harpy whose only aim is to obtain as much as she can in English money because English money will go so far under present conditions in Germany.

The native woman who knows her way about can live in luxury on her share of the pay and allowances of even a private soldier in the Army of Occupation.

Some at least of the women who have thus provided an easy life for themselves at the expense of the British taxpayer were before their marriage women of the town, who find it more profitable to prey on unsuspecting British soldiers in this way than to earn their living in marks by pandering to the lust of their usual German clients.

That is one aspect of the Rhine "romances" of which we hear so much. Blackmail is another device resorted to by these harpies.

The practice in such cases is for the woman to get the young man into her clutches in ways that are easy enough in garrison towns where the young soldier has so much time on his hands and is always under the temptation to spend it in "pleasure" seeking.

After a time the innocent and distressed fraulein intimates that she is about to become a mother and suggests that she is entitled to cash compensation from the young soldier.

Knowing how severe the authorities are in regard to complaints of this kind, and honestly believing that he is responsible for the woman's "trouble," the youngster pays up as long as the deception can be kept up.

There have been cases where women of this type, women too well versed in the ways of the world ever to be "in trouble," have worked this trick on more than one youngster at the same time, and they apparently find it profitable still.

They will probably continue to do so until the authorities wake up and depart from their practice of assuming that every German coming with a complaint is innocent and every uniformed Briton complained against is guilty.

TEA SHOP TEMPTRESSES. The Real Offender Takes Fright

MRS. MARIAN E. TUKE, whom we pilloried two weeks ago as the real proprietress and lessee of certain City tea shops, has taken fright at our exposures.

She was shown a copy of JOHN BULL containing the article headed "Tea Shop Delilahs" on the day of publication, while she was in the Ashanti Tea Rooms, in Threadneedle Street. From her subsequent conduct we may guess her feelings.

After the Mansion House proceedings, Mrs. Tuke no doubt hoped that the matter would be forgotten. This our exposure has prevented. The whole of the facts were now to be dragged to light.

Realising that as a result of our revelations she might hourly expect to find herself and her establishments the objects of unpleasant attentions on the part of the police, two days later, in fear and trembling, she paid off all the girls at the Ashanti Tea Rooms and at the Tudor Tea Rooms, in High Holborn, with the exception of the respective manageresses, Violet Winsor and Netta Huson, whose services she retained.

Her object in carrying out these wholesale dismissals was as obvious as it was futile. She wished, in the event of police inquiries being made, to be able to declare that she had got rid of the girls who had been misbehaving themselves, unknown to her, as soon as her attention was drawn to the matter.

Mrs. Tuke cannot take refuge in a plea of that kind, and exonerate herself from blame by pretending to have been ignorant of what was going on, for we have ample evidence that she was not unaware of the loose conduct we have described.

She obtained her girls through advertisements in two well-known morning papers—one of which has latterly refused to accept her announcements. She never advertised for waitresses; what she required were "gentlewomen" to assist in tea shops.

She interviewed applicants at the Tudor Tea Rooms, and painted in glowing colours the prospects awaiting those who entered her employ. There was no fixed salary—the £1 a week mentioned in the Ashanti prosecution was entirely mythical—but they would make "wonderful" tips. She invariably told a story of one of her girls who married a baronet's son with whom she became acquainted at the tea rooms.

She undertook to give some a minimum of 10s. a week and 1s. 6d. in the £ on their takings. These, she explained, would vary with their customers. She instructed them not to make a definite charge for tea, but to suggest a price, which might be anything from 1s. 6d. upwards, according to the circumstances and disposition of the customer.

That she fully expected her girls to use all their arts and blandishments to encourage customers to make generous payment may be judged from the fact that she instructed them to put a little colour on their cheeks and make up their eyes. She told girls never to go out with a man the first time he asked them. "Lead them on and keep them hoping," was the motto she instilled. No doubt this was good for trade!

Mrs. Tuke is no novice at running this sort of place. However, we have now received her solemn assurance that this scandal shall end and that for the future she will conduct her business without the unpleasant accompaniments which have so long been in evidence. We congratulate Mrs. Tuke upon this decision. But we shall keep our eyes open.

Doctors' Startling Confessions

Deaths Caused by Surgical Blunders Go Unpunished

DOCTORS as well as other people have made mistakes. But no one ever guessed that these mistakes are so frequent and tragic until a meeting of the profession was held, and, in secret, a series of remarkable confessions were made. From a reliable source we give a general outline of these confessions, and point the lesson the public must learn.

THE secret meeting of London surgeons which took place a few days ago at the Royal Society of Medicine has revealed the astounding fact that there are doctors practising to-day whose blunders have caused the deaths of patients under their charge, and who *have never been called to account.*

Indeed, some of them were so certain of their immunity from legal proceedings that they actually confessed their mistakes. This was ostensibly for the benefit of the other members of the profession. But supposing a lot of taxicab men got together and told of the people they had killed without being caught—would they get away with it?

Doctors have more lives literally in their hands than the members of any other profession in the world, and we have observed that familiarity with death is gradually breeding contempt for life. The time has now come when etiquette or camaraderie or any form of freemasonry which allows blunders by doctors to pass unchallenged and to remain secret from the general public, must be wiped out.

The person who blindly entrusts his or her life to the care of a particular surgeon, eminent or unknown, has a distinct right to know his full record, not merely the successes which make up part of it. The surgeon or doctor whose inefficiency causes death should not be protected from exposure by professional etiquette.

There can be no excuse, for instance, for the blunderer who sews up swabs or surgical instruments in a wound. Yet this is a more or less common mistake.

A well-known hospital surgeon stated at this meeting in camera that he knew positively of quite a number of these cases that had occurred within a comparatively short space of time, both in hospital and in private practice, and described a very sad case in which he had recently to operate personally.

A young lady who was engaged to be married to a certain member of the aristocracy developed a condition which was eventually diagnosed as gastric ulcer, and an operation was advised.

After the operation (by another surgeon) she appeared to be doing well, and then commenced to go downhill. The reason for this was not obvious, for the symptoms were obscure, but gradually the dreaded signs of peritonitis made themselves evident. A second operation became urgently necessary, the abdomen was again opened (by surgeon number two) and peritonitis was found everywhere present.

A forgotten pair of artery forceps—*left in the abdomen at the previous operation*—was found to have ulcerated into the bowel, and a tragic death ensued.

But the second surgeon never revealed the true cause of the tragedy—the criminal carelessness of someone at the previous operation. It would perhaps be unfair however to place *all* the blame upon the operating surgeon in such a case, for he usually trusts to his nurses and assistants for the reckoning of instruments and sponges.

But he must have sewn up the wound with the forceps in it.

An investigation by a coroner's jury should have been made and all these facts revealed.

It was also recalled at this confessional gathering that at a recent inquest the statement was made that a man committed suicide because a doctor had told him that he had consumption—a disease of which he was in dread. At the post-mortem examination that was made no trace of consumption, or of any form of tuberculosis, was found—another tragic mistake, which speaks for itself.

One of the saddest stories told concerned the fate of a young lady doctor of great promise. She had but recently passed her medical examinations, and was asked to see a child suffering from a sore throat.

She prescribed for it some simple gargle, and took a swab for microscopical examination by the public health bacteriologist, more to please the patient's parents than for any other reason. But the child grew rapidly worse, and when she was called in haste to see it next morning it was already dead.

When later in the day a report arrived that the swab showed the condition to be diphtheria she realised that a timely injection of antitoxin would have saved the child's life—and she cut her own throat. This is tragedy indeed, and few would blame the young woman doctor. But the instance serves to show that if such errors happen once and are revealed, even in secret, how many more must take place and never be brought to light.

Another tragedy was revealed in the well-authenticated story of a great surgeon now dead who boldly cut into what he thought was an abscess, but which proved to be an aneurism of one of the great blood-vessels.

There was at once a tremendous gush of blood, covering everyone in the operating room, and *the unfortunate patient was dead in a few seconds.*

What retribution was called for from this "eminent surgeon"? It was an accident, of course. No one suggests that it was done intentionally—but did it not reveal almost criminal incompetence, and had not prospective patients of this man a right to know of the affair?

Probably the most amazing story was that which concerned an individual now deceased who held a very high position in the State. The result was not tragic—but it very nearly was—and the strange thing is that the patient never knew of his narrow escape.

The specialist who vouched for its truth—as an eye-witness—was careful to explain that he was not personally responsible; but that the famous surgeon who was responsible was still alive.

The story dated back to the early days of the vogue for appendicitis—indeed, this very operation was one of the first of the kind. Appendicitis was diagnosed by several eminent consulting surgeons and physicians in the case of this patient, and a famous expert was asked to perform the operation.

Elaborate preparations were made, bulletins were issued from time to time—but when the first incision of the knife was made the condition present was found not to be appendicitis at all, but a simple abscess under the skin (the patient being a very stout man).

This was soon cleared out, but by that time the patient (a difficult subject to anæsthetise, as stout men are) *was purple and had stopped breathing!*

Every effort to bring him round was failing, the heart was giving out, and absolute consternation reigned in the operating theatre.

Suddenly the surgeon, flinging down his instruments, grasped the patient's beard with both hands, put his feet against the operating table, and pulled the man's jaw forwards by brute force. Breathing began again, the patient recovered and was none the worse for his adventure. But it was a near squeak!

After this confession—though by proxy—others were inclined to fall somewhat flat. One well-known surgeon told how he diagnosed stone in the ureter on the strength of an X-ray photograph, and found at operation that there was no stone and that something in the intestine must have thrown the shadow seen in the X-ray. Throughout the meeting, in fact, the inclination was for the surgeons to blame the X-ray specialists, or the consulting physicians, or the panel doctors, or other surgeons—or somebody or anybody else.

An incident which is not without humour in connection with work at a certain hospital made many of these eminent "confessors" laugh.

But the poor patient in the case didn't laugh. We are perfectly certain of that.

The man was being operated on for rupture, under a local anæsthetic, so that he could hear and see—but not feel—what was going on. The surgeon made his incision, and turned to his house surgeon, saying, "There's no hernia here. You're sure it was on the right side?"

"Yes," answered the house surgeon, "it's the right side."

"You're a liar," commented the patient; "it's on the left!"

Certainly an interesting and disturbing series of confessions. We thoroughly hope the surgeons involved will benefit by them.

In addition, we trust that the attention of the authorities will be turned to the serious exploitation of privilege which goes on under the name of surgery, and see to it that blunderers who blunder once are not allowed to blunder again.

A PRINCE OF SWINDLERS

A Rogue Who Preyed upon the Poor

APPARENTLY Judge Atherley Jones is to be numbered among those who administer the law on the principle that the greater the rogue the lighter the sentence.

That is the only explanation one can find for the sentence of nine months passed on the man "Lewis Purdon," or Price, for a series of heartless frauds extending over a number of years, the victims being poor people.

Though he only started operations seven years ago, "Lewis," whose real name is Buxton, is estimated to have handled at least £100,000, sent to him by the confiding public in connection with one or other of his many swindles.

He started as the proprietor of a matrimonial agency, which collected fees for "introductions," and made a ghoulish habit of writing to every woman who inserted in the Press a memorial notice of a husband killed in the war.

As the Empire Ring Co., the Empire Watch Co., with head offices in the Brixton, Clapham and Lambeth districts, he sent his lying advertisements throughout the country inviting the public to send cash for "jewellery" he bought by the hundred thousand at a few pence per dozen.

Orders poured in at the rate of two to eight thousand a day, and the master rogue was at pains to collect all the names of those falling victims to one form of trickery in order to send them circulars inviting them to be swindled afresh.

Dozens of his kind are still doing a roaring trade, and we warn our readers against such people who make a pretence of offering something for next to nothing.

BEWARE OF RUTH RYDER!

The Real Identity of a Mystery Woman with a Mission

WHO is Ruth Ryder? For weeks past this woman has been busy in different parts of Europe interviewing people who are in a position to influence public opinion.

To all appearances her papers were in perfect order, and these showed her to be a native of Milwaukee, U.S.A.

According to her own story, she was a trained student of social conditions, and in that capacity had just completed a long stay in Germany and Austria.

She professed to have a horror of the German and his methods, and a deep concern for the sufferings of the French and Belgian populations in the ravaged regions.

She spent a few weeks in Paris, filling in much of her time with prominent politicians to whom she bore letters of introduction from well-known men in the United States.

She was at pains to obtain all the information she could about the real thoughts of the French people in regard to reparations and kindred topics, and in return she put before her listeners carefully selected data, which she professed to have collected herself, showing how utterly impossible it was for the German people to pay the reparations demanded by the Allies.

Then Ruth disappeared from her Paris haunts as mysteriously as she had arrived.

Her next appearance was in London, where she arrived about the time of the General Election. She presented her credentials as an American observer of European conditions and sought in various directions commissions to write up her experiences in Germany.

At the same time she was active in pumping all who came her way regarding conditions in this country, the strength of the Bolshevist movement and the extent of the antagonism to France and French aims among the working classes.

Armed with the credentials she then possessed, she claims to have gained access to some of the most eminent men in this country, ostensibly to interview them for the American Press, but really to pump them regarding the extent to which opinion in this country was behind French pressure on Germany. Just when people were becoming interested in this philanthropic woman who had, at her own expense, made a deep study of social conditions in Germany and other parts of Europe, she vanished.

She gave no reason for her hurried departure, but information reaching her through Berlin had a good deal to do with her hasty exit from London.

This information intimated to her that it had been discovered that her American passports had been secured by false pretences, that the letters of introduction she carried were repudiated by the men and women whose names they bore, and that the French authorities had taken steps to prevent her return to French territory, except as a prisoner.

Though ready with views on most subjects, Ruth was reticent regarding her extensive knowledge of London and its people, knowledge that seemed strange in one who declared that this was her first trip to Europe.

She had good reason for her reticence, for Ruth is none other than the charming German lady named Rosa or Olga Bergmann, to give her one of her many aliases.

Olga or Rosa was a mystery woman in pre-war London, occupying a flat off Piccadilly, where she did a good deal of entertaining.

The police had their attention drawn to her house more than once, but they were unable to find out anything against her beyond the fact that she was a German-born woman with strong French sympathies, especially in regard to the imposition of the Prussian yoke on Alsace and Lorraine.

One of her many friends in those days was Karl Lody, who was shot in the Tower in the early days of the war as a spy.

There is no doubt that she initiated the unfortunate young officer into the whole art of spying, and when her supposed sympathy for France did not enable her to remain in this country on the outbreak of war she disappeared again, turning up later at Amsterdam.

Germany is bankrupt, we are told, but apparently it is still possible to find sufficient marks to pay the travelling expenses of the fair Rosa masquerading as Ruth Ryder?

And apparently, also, the authorities on this side are still as slow as ever to see through the disguises of such charming visitors to our shores.

FAITH-HEALING FOLLY

Christian Science Tragedies that must be Stopped

ONCE more tragedy and death have called our attention to the serious menace to civilisation which the blind belief in certain Christian Science doctrines constitutes.

At Stamford (Lincs) Police Court, George Anderson was charged with having caused the death of his 20 months old baby Kathleen by failing to call in proper medical aid when she was ill with measles.

The man is a Christian Scientist, and instead of sending for a qualified doctor when the little one became bad he sent for a woman named Mrs. Amy Conant, who calls herself a Christian Science practitioner and professes to be able to cure any ill by faith-healing.

The child got worse, and at last common-sense prevailed and a doctor was sent for, but when he arrived he found the child had died from pneumonia.

He said that had he been sent for two days before he could have saved the baby's life.

How a man who probably loved his child could deliberately refrain from seeking proper medical aid in a time of stress is more than we can understand. He must either be brutally heartless or must suffer from religious fanaticism in its most pernicious form. We believe that in Anderson's case it is the latter.

But what we want to know is what steps are to be taken to put a stop to such tragic nonsense? How much longer are people who call themselves Christian Science practitioners to be allowed to carry out their dangerous practices?

Whether these quacks—for no matter how sincere they may be, they are no better than quacks—are carrying on their trade out of love of it or from mercenary motives does not matter. The indisputable fact is that from time to time a blatant case of neglect resulting in unnecessary death for the patient calls attention to the evil.

It seems that any person who cares to put in a few hours' daily study of the doctrines of Christian Science can, after a year, launch out as a full-fledged "practitioner" and collect fees ranging from 5s. upwards. Here lies the real cause of the trouble. Certain persons perceive in Christian Science the prospects of making an easy and affluent living and do not hesitate to prey upon the credulity of unfortunate "believers."

Legislation should be at once introduced to make it an offence against the law for any Christian Science practitioner to attend a sick person without calling in the aid of a qualified physician. Christian Scientists may say that this is against the tenets of their religion, but every sane person knows that whatever may be the merits of that religion, there are certain illnesses and diseases which only a physician or surgeon can diagnose and successfully deal with.

This last case is only one on the long roll of tragedies attributable to Christian Science idiocy. The first occasion on which a particularly frightful case was brought by us to public notice was some years ago. It related to a man and wife who both became raving lunatics after being converted to Christian Science.

A few months ago Mrs. Stuart Edwards, wife of William Stuart, of Upper Norwood, was taken ill in Southport and died after being "treated" by a Christian Science practitioner. The husband said he did not believe in doctors, and would not send for one even in the most extreme circumstances.

Another recent case concerns George Chell, a Snelston farmer, who refused medical attention because he was a member of a Christian Science church. He sent for a faith-healer. Though medical aid would have probably saved his life, he trusted blindly in the ability of his religious attendant.

He died!

Judith Kathleen Jupp, Warwick Road, Kensington, fell ill and sent for a Christian Scientist named Mrs. Gertrude Perks, The Mansions, Earl's Court, S.W. Again the patient died without medical aid being called.

Mrs. Perks told the Coroner that if she had her femoral artery cut she would not call in a doctor.

"Would you prefer to bleed to death?" asked the Coroner.

"I should not bleed to death," she replied; "that is my faith."

Well, all we need say is that we would not be sorry if Mrs. Perks and every other Christian Science faith-healers, and more particularly those who merely take advantage of the faith for what they can make out of it, would put the matter to the test. The result would certainly be beneficial to mankind.

WHO SHIELDS DE VALERA?

Keeping the War Going for Profit

MUCH nonsense is talked about the skill displayed by De Valera in eluding the vigorous pursuit of his foes.

The truth of the matter is that De Valera is not entitled to any special credit, for it is now clear that he is being shielded by some highly-placed Irish officials, who see that nothing is done to bring about his arrest.

It was one thing to carry out the death sentence on Childers, the Englishman, but it is another to deal firmly with the spoilt child of Irish politics. It may be that the manner in which the Republican leader is presuming on this toleration may force the Government in Dublin to arrest him, but if that happens it will be the fault of De Valera and not of those responsible for the direction of the forces supposed to be trying to capture him.

It is notorious that the fanatical leader of the Republicans moves about freely in Dublin. A few days ago he actually attended mass and was recognised in the church, but no one seemed to take action and it was only after he had gone that the military arrived.

The boasted resourcefulness of De Valera in obtaining supplies for his forces is greatly over-estimated. Were it not for the manner in which he is served by British munition manufacturers, and for the fact that our Government takes no steps to check the sending of supplies to Ireland for the use of the rebels, De Valera's supporters would very soon find themselves in difficulties. It was found when the recent proclamation resulted in the handing in of a quantity of arms that these were of the standard British makes.

SHOULD WOMEN HANG?

Entire System of Capital Punishment at Stake

by ARNOLD BENNETT

WHY should a woman not be hanged? Let us face the stark question. If a woman has committed a crime similar in character and circumstances to a crime for which a man would be hanged, why should she not be hanged?

Are women by nature less cruel than men? Not unless all social history is a lie. Are women less capable than men of distinguishing between right and wrong? No. Have they an inferior sense of responsibility? No. Are they more severely tempted to kill? No. Ought we to have two different sets of penalties for the same crime? Obviously not.

Obviously there is no logical reason why, if a man is hanged, a woman should not be hanged.

AND yet the majority of us, and certainly the majority of men, have a secret uneasiness about the hanging of women, if not a positive objection to it. We can scarcely bear to picture a woman, especially if she is young and attractive, being dragged to the scaffold, pinioned, and swung by the neck into eternity. The mental image of the affair revolts us.

The revolt is sentimental and based on sex-consciousness. It is also inconsistent, because except in so far as existence is affected by the conventional politenesses, women have on the whole a harder time than men; they suffer more and enjoy less; and men are passably content that it should be so.

Men boggle at the execution of women because sex-consciousness—the same sex-consciousness which forces them to save the life of a woman in peril at the sacrifice of their own—makes them realise more sharply what a dreadful, horrible, excruciating thing an execution is.

CAPITAL punishment may be good or it may be bad for the community. But good or bad, capital punishment would not have survived in this country if it had not been withdrawn from the public eye.

Throw executions open to a throng of spectators, and no considerations of the common weal would be strong enough to keep capital punishment on the statute-book; capital punishment, the solemn, deliberate usurping by man of the powers of Deity, would have to go.

In reality, though we may not suspect it, what is on trial at the present moment is not the execution of women but the entire system of capital punishment.

CRY OF THE WOMEN

by E. S. Daniels

Dismissed Health-Visitor for Edmonton U.D.C.

"OH, I am so tired of it all!" was the heart-wrung cry of a poor woman who opened the door to me with her tenth child in her arms.

That cry finds an echo in the hearts of hundreds, nay, thousands of poor women all over the country. Poor things, the victims of ignorance, prejudice and the mock modesty which is one of the characteristics of this nation. Of ignorance, because knowledge has been withheld from them; of prejudice, because the "thoroughly comfortable" say: "Oh, those people will never be any different"; and of the mock modesty which shrieks out in horror at the mention of the very thing it is practising itself.

And what is this knowledge that is being deliberately kept from poor people? It is knowledge available to and possessed by all the rich and educated people—the knowledge of being able to limit their families to the number of children for whom they can provide adequate necessities of life.

Why the knowledge of family limitation should be withheld from the poor is incomprehensible to every person who gives ten minutes reflection to the subject. People say: "If you tell them they will not listen." Won't they? They are quite capable of looking after their own interests; therefore let them have the knowledge, and time will quickly show that they make good use of it.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

We blow our bubbles once again
And in the air we throw them;
To keep them is of course in vain
But still we like to blow them.

Our luck in Nineteen-twenty-two
Has been distinctly rotten,
The year is nearly gone it's true
But won't be soon forgotten.

Since "poisoned chocs" became a scare
Our bobbies on their beats
Regard with most suspicious air
All purchasers of sweets.

Our "Panto" Princes all declare
Though fair of face and figure—
They've got in Tennessee somewhere
A mammy who's a nigger.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

NO man should have a character that is flatly contradicted by his profile. Nearly every man has, all the same. Fortunately Mr. William Bridgeman hasn't. That round, chubby face of his suggests a jovial, genial temperament, and this exactly squares with one's knowledge of him.

A greater contrast than that between him and his predecessor in office could scarcely be imagined. The two men are diametrically opposed to one another. Mr. Shortt is a victim to red tape, if ever there was one, while his successor, though not by any means an innovator, is nevertheless a human being first and an official a long second.

This chubby-faced and good-natured individual, however, has his drawbacks as a public man. He's too pleased with things in general to worry about making them any better. He's too conformable by nature to trouble about reform. His philosophy can be summed up in Browning's lines: "God's in His heaven: All's right with the world!"

A CUSHIONED quietude and freedom from care are what he chiefly needs; he doesn't agree with the Walrus in Lewis Carroll's story that the pepper and vinegar of life are very good indeed. One can picture

Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.

him at the Carlton Club, half-hidden in the recesses of a velvety arm-chair, the rest of his body completely immersed in a copy of the *Times*.

Occasionally the antics of the Labour Party will inspire in him a momentary pessimism, when he may go so far as to say that he doesn't know what the country's coming to! But on the whole he's satisfied, and in his opinion "all's for the best in the best of all possible worlds."

Strangely enough, one of the best Home Secretaries we've ever had was that war-maniac Winston Churchill. But this can be explained by the mere statement that Winston is a dynamic force. He must work off his superfluous energy in some direction; and in the Home Office he worked it off by initiating several much-needed prison reforms.

NOW, Willie Bridgeman, as he is affectionately called by an enormous circle of friends, wouldn't knowingly hurt a fly. But he has the defects of that virtue. I mean that he wouldn't hurt anyone who hurt a fly. As witness, for instance, his acts of clemency in reprieving four convicted murderers within a week. There will be no big prison reforms in his time. Nothing of the slightest constructive importance can be expected from him—unless popular clamour drives him to it.

Like all charming, easy-going people, he is extremely amenable to outside pressure. Importunity alone will force him to action. (Criminals, please note!) He can be scared to death by Public Opinion—which was correctly described by Disraeli as the private opinion of a few publicists—though he doesn't think he can.

OF course, he's stubborn. People whose lives have been spared all anxiety for the morrow and whose wishes have never been thwarted are, as a rule, quite childishly stubborn.

But stubbornness is not strength. And no one will ever know what William is going to do until he has done it.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—The year just closing has been a wonderful one for you, and I am sure it is your chief aim to make the New Year a lucky one for the Nation. Somehow I think you will succeed. We have heard rather a lot lately about "first-class brains," but I fancy you have all the nimbleness of intellect that can usefully be employed upon the Treasury Bench. Moreover, there is such a thing as sterling honesty of purpose, and in this respect I would put my shirt on you. Already your new team is shaping well. But you must keep them right up to the scratch.

JOHN BULL.

To Viscount CAVE,
Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,—If you want to be as useful as your predecessor on the Woolsack in sweeping away antiquated laws, you might make a start on the absurd enactment that makes the survivor of a suicide pact a murderer. Of course he is no more a murderer than I—or your lordship, and to treat him as one is simply to hold our legal institutions up to ridicule and contempt. And while you are getting this altered you might look into other antiquated anomalies, such as the Lord's Day Observance Act. Let's try and sweep the Criminal Law clean of its ancient cobwebs!

JOHN BULL.

To Viscount WOLMER,
M.P. for Aldershot.

SIR,—The Aldershot magistrates recently had before them Henry John Cobbett on charges of obtaining food by false pretences. To the most casual eye-witness it was quite clear that the poor fellow was mentally deficient, and it was proved in court that his mother had met with an accident just prior to his birth, and that he had never been responsible for his actions. In spite of this he was sentenced to four months' hard labour, and told by an unintelligent chairman that he was "a dangerous sort of man." Full details of the case, I understand, have been forwarded to you as M.P. and it is up to you to see that the grave injustice of sending this man to prison is promptly remedied.

JOHN BULL.

To J. T. W. NEWBOLD, Esq., M.P.,
Motherwell.

SIR,—Congratulations to you on being elected an honorary member of the Moscow Soviet in recognition of "the significant services rendered to the Russian Soviet Government and the cause of Communism in Great Britain." But how did you manage to kid your master, Herr Lenin, to that extent? Motherwell may think big things of you, but the rest of the country was first annoyed at your capers and then frankly amused. I am afraid a laughing-stock will never make a revolution.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR SIR,—Good luck to you in your mission to Uncle Sam. Some good plain talk on war debts is badly wanted in Washington just now, and I think you can deliver the goods. As long as the Yankees can be made to understand that Britannia doesn't come grovelling, your visit ought to do a lot of good.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O.M., M.P.,
Algeciras.

DEAR LLOYD GEORGE,—I am rather fed-up with all this whimpering about your being a poor man. For one thing, what about that little annuity of £2,000 a year that Andrew Carnegie left you? From one who has always bragged that he knows what real poverty is, your plea strikes the man who is really down and out as nauseating humbug.

JOHN BULL.

To RAMSAY MACDONALD, Esq., M.P.,
9, Howitt Road, Hampstead.

DEAR SIR,—The New Year finds you in a position which has been your dream for years. I have nothing but praise for your statesmanlike attitude during the short session just ended, but it really is up to you to keep the unruly portion of your party in better order. If you don't use the Party discipline, the Speaker will have to exert his, and that would be a pity. I understand, of course, the causes which they have at heart, but they won't be helped by mere noise and bad manners.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice HORRIDGE,
High Courts of Justice.

M'LUD,—You have not hitherto posed as a judicial humorist so I must conclude that when you asked what was meant by "getting the wind up," you actually didn't know. All I can say is, you ought to have known. Some of you judges seem to think that your proper function is to keep as aloof from the ordinary humanity as possible. Come off your pedestal and mix with modern people, learn to understand their ways and recognise their slang, and humanity, as well as law, will then be reflected in your judgments.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir PERCY SIMMONS,
London County Council.

DEAR MRS. GRUNDY,—Some of the recommendations of your Committee for dealing with cinemas strike me as being the limit of prudery and tomfoolery. Why, for instance, should children under sixteen be debarred from seeing certain films unless accompanied by a parent or guardian? Surely a film which is unfit for a child to see is not purified by the presence of the child's parents. And I would suggest that films which are unfit for children are unfit for anybody. Why not deal with the problem in a common-sense way?

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. CECIL WEBB-JOHNSON, C.B.E., D.S.O.,
35, Grosvenor Street, W.

DEAR SIR,—If all you dietetic experts would come to some agreement as to what we should eat, and what we shouldn't, there might be a chance of our getting some advantage out of it. But unfortunately you hardly ever agree, and so we don't know where we are. Your own particular stunt is "no breakfast, and only two meals a day in winter—one in summer." But if we are going to profit by this rigid system to the extent you say, surely the healthiest people in the country should be those poor starving devils in the East End, and in the great industrial districts?

JOHN BULL.

"BRINGING" IN THE NEW YEAR!

BONAR: Don't let him escape—He's the sort of dark man we want!

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

A HAPPY New Year to all! Now that the Christmas festivities are over, our thoughts naturally turn to the future, whose advent we await with mingled hopes and fears. Let us make up our minds to look on the bright side. Optimism is a brisk tonic, pessimism a dull narcotic.

Ring in The New!

Largely the course of the New Year will depend upon ourselves, upon the measure of energy we bring to its tasks, upon the degree of confidence which inspires its labours. Already there are signs of improving trade. The world is slowly but surely adjusting itself to the new conditions; the nations of the earth are drawing closer together in a spirit of concord and good will.

Although superstition may bid us "touch wood," we may reflect with satisfaction that at the Lausanne Conference the risk of war in Europe has been minimised; meanwhile at home the forces of Capital and Labour have enjoyed a prolonged truce which wise direction may convert into a lasting peace.

The outlook, therefore, is hopeful, and we may greet the New Year with rejoicing. True, the dark menace of unemployment still hovers above our homes, and it is a pity that the Government have not been able to proceed faster with their schemes for its alleviation; nevertheless, the official figures show a substantial reduction in the number of men and women out of work, and the next few months should see this crucial problem reduced to manageable proportions.

And it is work we want. If we require a motto for the New Year we might well choose the familiar Latin phrase which, translated, reads: "Work conquers all." If we are finally to haul ourselves out of the slough into which the war cast us and to gain a solid foothold in the fight for a national livelihood, it will be by means of a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together.

WE have received a mass of correspondence endorsing our plea for a reform of the law relating to murder. It is evident that public opinion on this question has been deeply stirred. The phenomenal success which has attended the petition for the reprieve of Bywaters, to which, it is stated, nearly one million signatures have been attached, speaks for itself.

A Disgraceful Episode

But there is more to be said. It is of little use to amend the criminal law unless those responsible for its administration can be impressed with a proper sense of their public duty. We are prompted to this observation by a remarkable case heard last week in the Court of Criminal Appeal.

The newspapers have done little more than record the bald facts. At the Leeds Assizes a man named William Ward was convicted and sentenced to death for the wilful murder of one James Smith. It appeared that, being inmates of a common lodging house, the two men had had a violent quarrel, in the course of which Ward had flung Smith downstairs, inflicting fatal injuries. Presumably the jury at Leeds were properly directed by Mr. Justice Greer that if they chose they might return a verdict of manslaughter. The gravamen of the case, however, lies in the fact that certain vital evidence never reached the jury at all.

In the Court of Criminal Appeal it was proved for the first time that, on the morning of the day of his death, Smith had fallen out of a cart and had been treated at the Doncaster Infirmary for a fractured skull. On these facts the Lord Chief Justice and his colleagues reduced the conviction to one of manslaughter.

But is no one to be held to account for this horrible blunder? First of all we must consider the case of the hospital authorities, who actually discharged a man with a fractured skull after superficial treatment and sent him back to a common lodging house.

Consider, too, the position of the Leeds police, who sent a man to the Assizes on a charge of murder without pursuing the simple investigations which must have disclosed the evidence of previous injury.

Reflect, moreover, that it was only in 1908 that the Court of Criminal Appeal came into being, and if there had been no such tribunal in existence to-day this man would have gone to the gallows for no worse crime than giving a dying man an unlucky push. A more scandalous episode has seldom been brought to light in the Law Courts.

IT often happens that a politician's good deeds are less popular than his bad ones. This is the case with Lady Astor, who, we notice, generally gets a rough time when she happens to be right.

Thoughtless Tories

At a meeting of the National Unionist Association the other day the fair and honourable Member for Plymouth was howled down by an impatient audience who disliked her references to the housing question. Apparently it was considered bad form on the part of a Unionist Member of Parliament, the wife of a Viscount to boot, to make sympathetic allusion to the plight of ex-Service men and their families living in two rooms.

True, Lady Astor has a platform style with a snap in it, and it may have been a little tactless on her part to remind the distinguished company present that many of them had two houses instead of two rooms, but that is the whole point of the argument. It is this very inequality of social conditions which cries aloud for a remedy, and if the extreme Socialist is to be kept at bay, the Conservative Party must meet the problem with something better than unmannerly jeers.

We are glad to range ourselves with Lady Astor in her demand for an active housing policy, for improved wages and decent conditions of labour. If we may say so, her time is far better spent in this way than in chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of Prohibition. She must stick to her guns.

MANY people, as is proved by the occasional directions of testators, have a horror of premature burial. There is no need for it. The risk might be entirely obviated by a simple change in medical practice.

Life and Death

It ought to be incumbent upon every doctor to satisfy himself that death has actually occurred, and to ascertain its precise cause. If this were done there would be less need for exhumations, fewer murders to glut the public taste for sensation, and a happier state of mind for that considerable body of people who are a prey to nervous fears.

The present system is notoriously lax. It is the common practice of doctors to grant death certificates upon the slightest information, the bare word of anyone who was present at the demise of the patient being generally held sufficient.

That the cause of death is often wrongly stated there is ample evidence to prove. If we are to believe so experienced a witness as Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the London coroner, these post-mortem pronouncements are frequently mere guesswork, with the result that blunders are constantly made.

This scandal is one which ought to engage the serious attention of the British Medical Association, and we are sorry that the Secretary of that body has so far found no better rejoinder to Mr. Oddie's charges than the somewhat cheap observation that coroners also make mistakes. This is not the attitude we expect from the medical fraternity, who in general have as high a code as is to be found in the professional world.

The task of the doctor is not finally discharged when his patient is dead. With him alone lies the knowledge which can detect the hand of the assassin, discern the evidences of foul play, and make certain that no false symtoms are mocking the grim reality of death.

THE turn of the year has seen the usual crop of Slate Club defalcations. Unfortunately, the victims of these ramps seem practically unteachable. In the choice of officials to whose keeping the savings of members are entrusted the most appalling carelessness is constantly displayed, and it is really not surprising that temptation often proves too much for these loosely controlled custodians of other people's money.

The Slate Club Scandal

The remedy would seem to consist in exacting firm guarantees for the solvency and probity of Slate Club treasurers, either in the form of fidelity bonds or some other handy sureties. Until this simple precaution is adopted, or the working-class investor learns to entrust his savings only to reputable societies of established credit, we shall have the annual spectacle of absconding officials whose dupes have paid the penalty of their too confiding trust in human nature. The fees in the school of experience are proverbially high.

CARRION CROWS OF THE PRESS

by

A. G. GARDINER

IT is a sound view of public health which provides that sewage should be carried away underground. An open sewer is a public nuisance and is prohibited as a public danger. But there is one open sewer which is licensed to poison the air every day without let or hindrance. Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, admits the fact, and says he wants suggestions as to how to get rid of the nuisance.

The sewer is the Press. There used to be in every reputable newspaper office a certain standard of decency in reporting public trials. There was no compulsion in the matter. There was nothing to prevent the newspaper publishing anything that was said. But there was an unwritten tradition against using this liberty to debase the public mind. That tradition has gone. Let a dirty case be brought into Court to-day and the Press swoops down on it like a flock of vultures. No detail is too private or too odious for it to revel in and publish. The more foul the fodder the more eagerly it is devoured.

No one pretends that any public interest is served in pouring this sewage through the public prints. There is no question of helping the ends of justice in the matter. There is still less question of promoting public morals.

There is only one object. It is that of selling the newspaper. It is unhappily true that there is a great public demand for sewage. It is a good seller. Indeed, it is the "best seller." There are papers with enormous circulations built up on garbage. They scour the country for garbage. They hunt for ordure far and wide. They sweep it up into one tremendous pile, and then disperse it from John o' Groats to Land's End for Sunday consumption.

People grow rich on this infamy. They get titles and honours for polluting the minds of millions. In ancient Greece it was a capital offence to corrupt the mind of youth. In modern England it is the easiest way to wealth. You can float into the House of Lords on a tide of sewage.

I am as much concerned for the liberty of the Press as anyone. But this is not liberty: it is the abuse of liberty. When people pour filth into a river it is no defence to say that they have liberty to use the river. They have liberty to use it; but if they poison it, the law punishes them. Why should the liberty of the Press be less sacred?

I do not know what response Mr. Bridgeman has got to his request for suggestions. To deal with the nuisance by legal methods is obviously a matter of great difficulty. If it can be done, I should rejoice. I should like to see certain papers burned by the common hangman. If we could make an example of the worst of the vultures—these carrion crows of the Press—there is not a decent-minded man in the newspaper world who would not be grateful.

WHO IS T

by "A GENTLEMAN

(*Author of "The Mirrors of*

"MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD could n
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IN this season of pantomime it might be permissible to argue that the edifice of the British Commonwealth is menaced by the opinions of Mr. Sidney Webb.

But the purpose of my article is serious, and therefore, taking no advantage from the season of the year, I profess myself satisfied that the commercial greatness of England will survive the young-ladyish pinpricks of amateur economists on the Front Opposition bench of the present House of Commons.

Responsible leaders of Labour visibly "mellow" as they emerge from the backwoods to find only a table between them and the seats of power.

They are now so curbed by the prospect of governing Great Britain that they behave almost as if political economy had something to do with the daily life of men, women, and children.

BUT danger lies in this very fact that socialism cuts so curate-like a figure in the House of Commons. Once more it is driven underground, and there, out of sight and hearing of critic or reporter, the atheistical communist raves against "traitors in the ranks," while in educational lecture, statistical pamphlet, and economic Sunday school, the pious social reformer, quoting Shelley and misquoting Jesus, denounces individualism as a blasphemy, and describes capitalism as a device of the devil to prevent humanity from entering an over-promised land flowing with the milk and honey of a free breakfast-table.

In this manner socialism is now spreading its destructive illusions among a respectable and earnest body of the community. It is an element of power in that "revolt against civilisation" which is so marked a characteristic of the times. It encounters no reasoned opposition from responsible people, meets with no rebuke from the authorised leaders of Labour.

IN peace and quiet, adopting an educational attitude and employing the unction of a Methodist preacher, it pursues its corrupting and ruinous way among people whose moral aspirations are more worthy of our respect than their capacity to earn their own living—youngish people whose heads spin when they attempt to tackle economic Adam Smith, but whose hearts melt within them when they turn the pages of sentimental Tolstoy.

This fashionable gospel of socialism is founded upon a fallacy. Only the distress of unemployment on a great scale (largely caused by over-population at a time of grave international confusion) could hide so obvious a fallacy from the eyes of any man with the brain of a chaffinch. This fallacy is the fixed idea of the socialist that a man who creates wealth which never existed before is in reality taking it away from those who would never have collared by far the greater part of it in wages but for his courage, foresight, and genius in organisation.

All socialism rests on this single fallacy; and most social unrest can be attributed to this one false notion. Men of no genius or power feel that the present system is morally wrong. They conceive that it cheats them of enjoyment. They want to smash it, to shatter it to bits, and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire. It is always the heart which rebels against the discipline of civilisation—the heart of the second-rate man. Socialism is not an affection of the brain but a disease of the heart—and, mark it well, a disease which manifests itself on a considerable scale only in the decrepitude of a great nation.

Mr. SIDNEY

NEVER since history began has socialism constructed a State. Never has any people in the whole chronicle of mankind started its career on socialist principles. Socialism emerges not when there is something to do, but only when there is someone to plunder. It is not the action of a bold and exploring mind, but the gesture of a sucking-pig. That a disease so unimaginative and parasitical should prey upon the social vitality of Great Britain is a sign for those who have eyes to see that the days of our manhood approach their end.

To check the progress of this disease it is necessary to attack the fundamental fallacy of the socialist, so ludicrous and so contradictory. To do this effectively one must constantly insist that no manufacturing handler of capital can ever enrich himself without enriching a great multitude of people, and that the rise of a nation in wealth, freedom, and domestic happiness has never been the work of a committee but always the work of a few venturesome spirits.

It may be of service in this matter to remind the present generation of a law enacted by Ina, King of Wessex, in the seventh century, to the effect that any merchant who three times ventured himself and his goods on a sea-voyage should rank as a thane, even if he had started life as a serf.

THE Editor does not necessarily share the of sufficient interest and importance to newspaper the recognised platform for the free

THE FLEA?

AN WITH A DUSTER"

irrors of Downing Street," etc.)

could not manage a teashop, and I doubt own could conduct the fortunes of a whelk- who presume to criticise, even to denounce minds of industry by whose courage and en set up and employment has been given thousands of people."

ge, This King knew the road to wealth. He knew the way to benefit his people as a whole. cy; And though he thus encouraged the creative minds among his subjects to establish the blessings of an overseas commerce, yet he lives in history as a King who stood between his people and oppression:

NEY WEBB, M.P.

. . . He regulated the administration of justice, fixed the legal compensation for crimes, checked the prevalence of hereditary feuds, placed the conquered Britons under the protection of the State, and exposed and punished the frauds which might be committed in the transfer of merchandise and the cultivation of land.

ude The history of London, as glorious as the history of many countries, is the history of the British merchant. The history of England is chiefly, and the history of the British Empire is entirely, the history of the British merchant. Who supposes that Mr. George Lansbury could have made London the centre of the whole world's trading, or that Mr. Maxton, of Glasgow, could have made these little islands the centre of the mightiest and most splendid empire in the long chronicle of mankind?

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A WISE Minister of Education might well give orders for the preparation of a school-reader tracing the commercial history of the British people. Such a book would prepare the next generation for its struggle with socialism: properly done, it might inspire that generation with something of the same courage and enthusiasm for trade which inspired the real creators of the British Empire.

But the immediate thing to do is to wage constant adult war on the main fallacy of the socialist, and to inform the public mind that its danger lies not in too many capitalists but in too few, not in too many creators of wealth but in none at all.

One of the greatest of our manufacturers is now searching the world for an organiser capable of taking over merely a part of his responsibilities. He is willing to pay an almost fabulous income to such a man, but at present his searching is in vain.

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ews expressed on this page, but considers them rrant publication. It is intended to make this cussion of the leading topics of the day.

IT is in vain, I think, because there is now no zest in the community for power and achievement, no passion for the great work of creation. Democracy has set its face against genius. It is suspicious of the self-reliant man, it looks with disfavour on initiative, it opposes itself to ambition. There is a crestfallen appearance about the present generation. Men are no longer setting out to save their souls: they are waiting to be saved by somebody else—generally a humbug.

Socialism has already spread with disastrous effect the paradoxical notion that the creative mind is the parasitical mind. While it encourages a man to behave like a flea it denounces those on whom he is to prey as "bloodsuckers." The consequence of all this is a lowered mental vitality in the British nation. The age of the builders, the explorers, and the colonisers is over. It is an age of copyists.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD could not manage a teashop, and I doubt if Mr. Jack Jones of Silvertown could conduct the fortunes of a whelk-stall. Yet it is men of this type who presume to criticise, even to denounce as parasites, the great master minds of industry by whose courage and genius gigantic factories have been set up, employment has been given to scores of thousands of people, and British commerce is enabled to hold its own in the markets of the world against the organising genius of America, Germany, and Japan.

What a madness must have fallen upon England that it can ever have come within measurable distance of a time when the theorist of political economy may take charge of its multifarious existence, and a committee of mediocrity prescribe the limits of its struggle for existence. It is enough to make Raleigh and Drake exclaim that England has ceased to exist.

That the greatest constructive minds in the nation should be left entirely free to do what they like with us is not the proposition of a self-respecting man; but that they should be kicked out of doors as thieves and blackmailers is the suggestion of a lunatic.

THE intellectual socialist professes that he does not wish to get rid of these benefactors: his proposal is to retain their services as non-commissioned officers in the socialised State, of which he himself will be the tyrannical commander-in-chief. But I have never yet encountered an industrialist of real genius who would consent either to sink his individuality in a puddle of ordained mediocrity or to make the impossible attempt of saving insane bolshevism from its inevitable bankruptcy.

In a socialised community genius could not breathe because freedom could not exist.

WHITEHALL MAKERS OF MADNESS

by

SIR FREDERICK MILNER

ONE of the most barefaced scandals it has ever been my misfortune to encounter is at present being perpetrated by the Ministry of Pensions.

Men who had been in asylums were dragged from work which they had been able to perform and forced to join the Army at a time when they were improving in their mental condition. They were unable to withstand the harassing rigours of military service and received such set-backs that many of them are now quite hopeless.

Yet these men, we are told, are not entitled to pensions. It is stated by the Pensions Ministry that their condition was not worsened by their period in the Army.

It is a fact, though people may find it difficult to believe, but I have it on the authority of Military Recruiting Officers themselves, that they had instructions from the Government to pass all candidates, no matter what their disabilities (except in the case of amputated limbs and obvious deformities).

Now if you take a mentally deficient man from the work he was capable of doing, force him to join the Army and go through great discomforts and hardships, even if you don't send him to the front (we all know the terrible conditions and discomforts of many of the camps), is it not bound to worsen his condition?

There is not the slightest doubt that men who had been inmates of asylums and had been discharged were deliberately conscripted. I had six specific cases through my hands and in each case the man said it would drive him mad if forced to enlist. It did! In only one instance was I successful in preventing conscription.

Let me give a case. An unfortunate man was employed by the Corporation of a local town. He had been for some time in an asylum, but was discharged. He was earning a good wage and living happily with his wife and children. He was conscripted against his own protest and that of the Mayor. He was naturally terribly upset, and after compulsory vaccination, he again went mad and died. The Ministry refused a pension to the wife on the grounds that the man had recently been discharged from an asylum, and that therefore his condition was not worsened, as the Pensions Minister is pleased to say. The Mayor wrote indignantly to me, said he failed to get justice, and begged me to take it up. I made things so warm that the Ministry thought it discreet to give way on this occasion, and the poor woman got her pension.

If, as the Pensions Minister says, the proceeding which I have condemned as a National Scandal is only carrying out the direction of the Royal Pension Warrants, a direction approved by Parliament itself, I can only hope that the same Parliament will reverse a very cruel decision.

Women without Mercy!

by A. J. RUSSELL (author of "God's Prodigal").

WITH each day that goes by, more and more young men become enslaved by heartless women old enough to be their mothers. These vampires do not hesitate to use all the artifices within their knowledge in attempts to gratify their insatiable craving for admiration and power. Too late do foolish youths realise that they are in the toils and at the mercy of creatures devoid of every decent instinct.

THE fledgling young man of to-day requires a stern warning against dangers that threaten him from an unexpected quarter—from that growing body of aged and middle-aged women who refuse to acknowledge the burden of their years, and who believe that by courting the society of male youth they can retain or recover their earlier graces.

From girlhood our sisters and daughters have had full measure of warnings against the amiable middle-aged stranger, the courtly old gentleman; but many recent happenings go to prove that our young men, who, of course, are supposed to need no warning, should have their eyes opened to what may follow "an affair" with a "grass widow" or a dangerous dowager.

The mother of a family of sons said to the writer this week that she was confident each one of her boys would be able to hold his own among his fellow-men, but her daily dread was that one might come under the influence of a scheming woman of twice his age just before he attained ripe manhood. "If he does, then God help him and all others like him," she said.

Another celebrated case mentioned by the mother of the family of sons was that of the young Lieutenant Barrett, who was first helped in his army career by the once famous society beauty, the late Mrs. Cornwallis West. When this young man refused to respond to the overtures of the faded beauty she used "petticoat influence" in high quarters to injure him.

Many other cases of a somewhat similar nature, although the principals were not in such exalted stations, have been published recently in the newspapers.

In the last days of the war a young airman of our acquaintance, who had become entangled in an unfortunate "affair" with a woman of twice his age, returned to the front vowing that it was his intention not to come home alive. A careful pilot, an airman of great experience, he was "accidentally" killed a few days later in a crash which a novice could have avoided with ease.

But there is no need to quote more examples to show how easily young men are netted, oft-times for their ruin, by aged and middle-aged women. Our penal settlements contain scores of men who have publicly declared that clever women, many years their senior, have lured them to ruin before they were twenty-one.

Despite the tremendous general interest in the Thompson-Bywaters case, there must have been something stronger than the desire to see an unusual murder trial which impelled so many young men to the Old Bailey. Most murder cases attract more women than men, but this case, in which figured an infatuated youth and a woman much his senior, drew, significantly enough, a great preponderance of young fellows between eighteen and twenty-two years of age.

Clever women who are fighting old age with any and every weapon are even on the look out for fledgling youths, wherever they are to be found: at house parties, at balls and dancing halls, and even at church *soirées!* Like the famous Russian Empress Catherine, who selected her lovers from all grades of society, fawned upon them for a while, and afterwards callously handed them over to the executioner, the modern women who are out to prey on unsophisticated youth are not too particular as to the class of their victims.

Dance instructors at dancing halls are often the prey of this species of the human hawk. But any young man of about twenty years of age who has a fine figure, wears smart clothes and possesses an attractive personality is fair game for this unpleasant type of passing and *passée* womanhood.

Though we may not express ourselves in so many words we say in effect, "Let us by all means protect our girls, but our boys can look after themselves." As a rule they can when they are mingling with people their own age, but there are very few young men able to resist the fascinations of a middle-aged woman.

But why should this be so? Surely it is unnatural for a youth to be attracted by age? These are questions which immediately arise and can be immediately answered.

The power of these women does not rest entirely in their physical attractions, in beauty of face and form, but in something in which their younger sisters cannot hope to compete with them—in worldly wisdom. Many young men anxious to know life prefer to listen to the words of wisdom of a matronly charmer than to learn from any other source.

There are, of course, some impecunious young men who are only too happy to assume the *rôle* of the "tame cat" because of the rewards which some wealthy woman bestow upon them. With these this article has nothing to do. They are of the class more blameworthy than their sisters of the street.

But there are many others who become dangerously infatuated by aged and middle-aged women.

Says one, "My husband leads me an awful life. He spends most of his time in the saloon bar and on the racecourse. He keeps me short of money. He has other women friends. He ill-treats me and neglects me." The interested youth begins to pity, which is the beginning of love.

What his charmer has said of her husband is possibly true. More probably it is a half or quarter truth; perhaps a deliberate invention. Some women love to libel their husbands to other and younger men, and, with much practice, come to believe their own mis-statements.

These libels, of course, have a definite effect on the mind of the boy adorer, inexperienced as he is in the ways of a scheming discontented woman. His mind is inflamed against the husband. He now regards himself as one different from the average home-destroyer. Instead of doing something that is mean and dishonourable by having an affair with another man's wife, he is now playing the nobler part: he is bringing pleasure to a suffering woman whom no one understands but himself.

If he were not so utterly hopelessly green he would soon discover what everyone else readily sees, that she is one of the type who cry daily for the moon, but would not be satisfied if she owned and controlled the whole solar system.

She has no real love for the fledgling, as is seen time and time again when something happens to turn the flood-light of publicity on to the "affair." Whereas we have read of cases without number of heroic sacrifice by a woman for a man she has loved, we have yet to read of an instance in which the love of one such aged or middle-aged woman has been sufficiently grounded to compel her to play the true woman's part—after the *denouement!*

Women of this type love power of all kinds, but the power they love most is their power over men. Nothing gives them greater pleasure than to see a young man, full-grown, handsome, debonair, at their feet waiting to anticipate or execute their every wish. To be able to keep one or more young men dangling around them, to play one off against the other, to send the red blood rioting through their veins, to torture them with jealousy, until they are ready for anything, self-murder or even murder, gives to some women the most exquisite pleasure.

Sometimes the "affairs" develop into *causes célebrès* and then all the world hears of them. But these are rare instances. The really clever woman who is playing at passion and youth is usually far too accomplished to allow things to develop so far. Having driven her green youth frantic for a period, she then wearies of him, and shakes him off the finger around which she has been turning him. She now coolly

tells him that he has been good company but is really too young to be taken seriously.

But he has served her purpose: he has made her husband jealous, he has allowed her to triumph over her women friends.

It may be he has suffered no serious injury apart from his changed view of womenkind, and through losing what little money he had, which he will recover of course by hard work. But the clever middle-aged scheming woman goes on her way attracting fledglings to her wings, still using them to renew her youth, to madden her husband, to evoke the envy of her women friends.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

The Other Woman's Fate

I AM only 30 years of age. I lost my mother at the age of two, my father when I was ten, and the only brother I had was killed at Ypres six and a half years ago. But those are not the only tragedies of my life. When I was twenty-two I had a baby to a young man (we were engaged, but I fell out with him before I knew about the baby). He was killed in the war.

"After a time I became housekeeper to a man who had been twice married; his first wife had died and left him with three children. His second wife left him seven times during the first year.

"When she went away the seventh time, she took him to court, but the magistrates would not grant her an order, and advised her to go home and do her duty to him and the children. He obtained a house in another street, and she came back, but after a few weeks left him again. He wrote time and again, begging her to come back, but she returned his letters unopened.

"That was 8½ years ago. It is 7½ years since I came to him, and we think the world of one another. I have had three children by him, and we both love them very much. He never heard from or saw his wife all these years till February last, when she brought him up at her local police court for desertion, and obtained an order for £1 per week.

"He paid until he was thrown out of work, and she brought him up for arrears. The magistrate told him he must pay her 5s. per week while he was out of work. After the lock-out he received the dole, 15s. for himself and 3s. for the three kiddies; although he had to pay 5s. per week to his wife, they did not allow him that, so we have 18s. per week coming in. Out of that there is 9s. 3d. per week rent and 5s. for his wife. That leaves us with 3s. 9d. to keep six of us. The Guardians would not grant us anything as we were not married.

"We have pawned and sold everything in order to pay the 5s., but I am afraid of her taking a warrant out for him. It would break us up altogether if she put him in gaol for Christmas; it will be a very, very hungry time at any rate, but I would rather share my last bite and have him at home."

"Humanist" says: *Here is a case where one's sympathies must be for the "Other Woman." Surely your man could put his case before the magistrate? I do not think any magistrate would send a man to prison in these circumstances.*

Should a Mother Tell?

"YEARS ago when only a girl, I was introduced to a young man by his sister. I went about with him for months, and he talked about the little home, and called me his little wife, although he never proposed. But six months before my baby was born, he told me that, although he worshipped me and would do everything for me, he could not give my baby a name, as he had already a wife and two children.

"I parted from him and never saw him again until my baby was two years old. I met another young man and got married. My heart was whole but my pride was wounded very badly, as I was always taunted about my child, because I would not say who its father was. One day I saw my child's father and found he lived in the same street, and also that he had spoken the truth when he said his wife was slowly dying with consumption.

"His wife is still alive and still bears with silence her long life of suffering. Have I done right in keeping my child's father's name a secret, as my daughter has often asked me, and I cannot tell her name after all these years' silence, and do I do the right thing in visiting his wife, as she loves me to go, and says I comfort her, which is a great thing in pain?"

"Humanist" says: *I think you have done well to maintain silence. There would be no advantage in telling your daughter her father's name, and certainly it is a kind and real Christian act to help the man's wife, though it may lead to complications if your husband knows that this is the father of your child. If he doesn't know, tell him.*

Who Gets the Child?

"WE often hear of girls being ruined under pretence of marriage or promise of marriage, but I do not see that my daughter is in any better position, although she was legally married. She was so fascinated by a handsome farmer she was introduced to that she married him without hesitation, he being well recommended by his friends and neighbours, and for some weeks after the wedding referred to him as her 'glorious' or her 'angel' husband!

"In less than two years, however, she left him in disgust, declaring she would rather die than live with him any longer, taking away her boy, against her husband's wish. If unmarried, she could do this legally, but now, he may apparently deprive her of it whenever he likes, so that she is in a far worse, instead of better, position than if she had not married him."

"Humanist" says: *The father is entitled to the custody of the child, unless the court decides he is not a fit and proper person.*

"Humanist's" Reply to Everyone

SOME members of my big family write me long letters about pension difficulties, unemployment, house shortage, and other matters which are very real troubles, but which I can't possibly help.

There is an idea that I only want hard luck stories, beginning with the history of the writer's life from the day he was born. I assure you that isn't the case. I want your helpable troubles, and I don't mind meandering wails, because it sometimes helps to get your troubles off your chest.

One lady who wrote in June has been bombarding me with furious letters demanding the "return of original Government documents" sent to me. I have just unearthed the document; it is a letter from an income-tax assessor in which he "acknowledges the receipt of your letter of the 12th"! Don't send original documents. And I don't want to hear the moan of the young man of 26 who has his health and strength.

The misfortune of a very large proportion of my correspondents is traceable to over-large families. I do wish doctors would give these poor people, crushed by the burden of parenthood, a hint or two. In my judgment and very wide experience it is imperative that there should be control. Large families cause large death rates—usually 40 per cent. of the big 12, 11 or 10 families are casualties before they reach adolescence.

ONE GUINEA will be awarded each week to the sender of the best Human Document. This week's winner is "THE OTHER WOMAN'S FATE."

Father and Son Rivals

"I AM now 22 years of age and am the eldest of five, my father being a professional man. In 1915 I lost my mother, and the younger children were sent away to a boarding-school, where two still remain, the other two being away in business. My father for about five years after my mother's death, lived in apartments, whilst I served in the Army. When I returned home last December, I found that he had opened up the old home, and was living with a young woman who passed as his housekeeper. I was made welcome, and my father helped me to start again in civil life. About four months after my return they quarrelled, and she left.

"After a brief interval he obtained a young lady as housekeeper by advertising. In the meantime my sister of 17 returned, making a family of four. All went well till a few months back, when my father realised that this young lady and myself were becoming greatly attracted to one another. There were a few words over this, but I was perfectly frank about it all.

"As a result of this, I and my sister left home, and I have since endeavoured, but without success, to get the girl in question to leave also.

"There is no doubt whatever that she has no affection for my father, who is nearly 60, although she might have done so at first. During a holiday at —— she has confessed to me that misconduct took place, and owing to this she refuses to leave, saying that, having made the mistake, she must stop and abide by it, although she still persists in having affection for me.

"I have no wish to fall foul of my own father, but I know it is my duty to get this poor girl out of her troubles, or else it can only end in a tragedy. I feel it is my duty to take her away, even by force, or to inform her parents."

"Humanist" says: *This is a particularly unwholesome story, and I confess that I haven't much sympathy for anybody concerned. You yourself, I should imagine, are much more interested in your own rebuff than in the girl's future. As to her, unless she is an imbecile, she can leave when she likes. It is certainly no business of yours to make trouble in her home.*

Mockers of Motherhood

"IT was once thought to be an honourable thing for a wife to have children to her husband, but nowadays it seems to be something to be ashamed of, or at least people make out it is. After the first year of our marriage we had one baby, and twenty-one months after we had another, now he is only seven months old, and I expect again in the summer.

"I don't mind so very much, as I love babies and would rather have a dozen than anything happen to the darlings I've got, but we can't afford any more, and we have only one room; besides, my husband has only lately got a job, which won't last long.

"Apart from that, there is my mother and family, my landlady and the people round about—I simply can't face them; they made enough fuss about my second one, and openly worried me dreadfully.

"Why is it our mothers and grandmothers had twelve and more, and thought nothing of it, yet we present-day wives mustn't have any, or one at the most. As my mother said, things in their days were far different; they all had a house and regular work. Quite true, but nature hasn't altered, has it? They can't see that."

"Humanist" says: *Don't let these people rattle you. Motherhood is a glory, and only the nasty-minded think otherwise. The question of whether it is provident to have more children than you can afford is another matter. Anyway, it is nothing to be ashamed of. Be so proud of your babies that you could afford to laugh at your busybody relatives.*

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Stinnes in the Dock

by HARRISON OWEN

AFTER a retirement of only two and a half minutes, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty" on each of the three charges.

"Hugo Stinnes," said Mr. Justice Bull, "you have been found guilty of aiding and abetting a fraudulent debtor, of fraudulent misrepresentation, and of attempting to obtain money by means of false pretences—have you anything to say why you should not be sentenced?"

"I gannot deny der garges," replied the millionaire, "bud I.zrow meinself upon der merzy of der gourt. If your Lordzhib will read mein newsbabers, you will zee dot I sbeak of England ass an honorable foe dod hass dreated boor Zhermany bedder don der Vrench haff. I ask der gourt to remember dod I am England's friendt."

The Judge turned to counsel for the prosecution. "Is there anything I should hear from you, Mr. Watchdog?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'lud," was the answer. "I must point out that the accused has previously been convicted of having aided and abetted Germany in a crime against humanity, and of having been concerned with others in a conspiracy to secure the ruthless submarining of merchant ships. It is also my duty to mention that the friendship for England which the accused professes is of very recent growth. The 60 or 70 newspapers he controls have lately taken to praising England, but this, m'lud, I venture to suggest, has been done from ulterior motives."

"Prisoner at the bar," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I have listened to your plea for mercy and to what counsel has said.

"It is plain that you actively assisted in bringing about a wicked war, throughout which you were a strenuous advocate of ruthless submarining. You may have forgotten the terrible events for which you and your fellow Junkers were responsible, but I feel convinced that the United States, from which you now stand convicted of having attempted to obtain a loan of £300,000,000, has not yet forgotten the sinking of the 'Lusitania.'

"As regards the other charges against you, the evidence shows

conclusively that you have consistently misrepresented the financial position of Germany, and, by means of faked balance sheets and manipulation of the mark, have endeavoured to represent that she is bankrupt. The crimes of which you have been convicted are mean and common frauds to say the least, and it is partly as a result of your actions that the people from whom you now are asking mercy are paying an income tax of 5s. in the pound.

"The sentence I am about to pass is by no means commensurate with the enormity of your offences, but frightfulness is not a characteristic of British justice. You are sentenced to distribute £500,000 among the genuine poor of Germany, as a New Year gift, and you will be kept in custody until such time as some serious attempt is made by your confederates to deal with the question of reparations."

Printers' Pie

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"LEEDS MERCURY":—"An impressive demonstration of public sympathy was manifested at the FUNERAL of the late —— WITH HARD LABOUR at Bradford yesterday afternoon."

"ANSWERS":—"The old man's eyes POPPED OUT OF HIS HEAD FOR A MOMENT."

"JESTER":—"They raised a SUBDUED cheer, ROARING 'Hurrah!' SOFTLY in low tones."

"MY WEEKLY":—"With a last stealthy push THE NURSE SLID INTO THE MOUTH OF Jo's BAG as the latter rested partly on the table."

"OUDTSHOORN COURANT" (South Africa):—"He retired with AN INJURED EYE WHICH STRUCK THE BAT AND BOUNCED UPWARDS."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL" (Advertisement):—"Clerk (Man) . . . must be used to KEEPING SET OF BOOKS AND A FAIR TYPIST."

"POULTRY":—"The LENGTH of the pen is about TWO YARDS WIDE."

"IRISH TIMES" (Advertisement):—"Lost, Gold SLEEVE LINK about Nelson Pillar, ON DOG, called 'Rags'."

"GREENOCK TELEGRAPH" (Advertisement):—"Woman (Elderly) wishes GENERAL WORK OF Housekeeping; WILLING TO SLEEP IF REQUIRED."

A POSTMAN'S QUARTER-DAY

How to Pay Bills on 16s. a week

ROUND about quarter-day the enthusiasm and pleasurable expectancy with which the postman's knock is generally greeted are apt to be mingled with a certain degree of apprehension.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you that the postman himself may have quarter-day anxieties beside which your own worries dwindle to insignificance.

How would you deal, for instance, with the problem with which an auxiliary postman in the South West London district was faced?

His work consisted in the general postal delivery in the morning and the last post at night—the two heaviest deliveries of the day—and involved four hours daily. For carrying out this important duty he was paid the magnificent wage of 16s. a week, much less than the amount received by men who were unemployed.

Out of this he had to pay 9s. a week rent and maintain a wife and two children. How was it to be done?

Like so many more, he had to enter what Mr Lloyd George once called the domestic export trade, doing business chiefly with pawnbrokers and second-hand furniture and wardrobe dealers.

Just when his stock-in-trade, practically the whole of the contents of his home, was exhausted, he was asked by the postal authorities to sign an agreement in which he had to declare that he was in receipt of a disability pension and had spare-time employment. As he had no pension—although he is an ex-Service man—and no other work, he could not conscientiously sign such a document. So he lost his job.

He asked for a full-time appointment in the postal service, but was told he had no chance as he was not a disabled pensioner.

After being out of work for three months, he came to us with his troubles. His children were badly in need of boots and clothing, which he could not afford out of the Guardians' relief. The "Greatest of These—" Fund enabled him to provide them with some of the things of which they stood in greatest need.

Let the postman's knock remind you to send us a subscription, however small, for the relief of the many necessitous cases which are brought to us.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. B., 11½d.; "Ninth Buckshee," 4d.; H. T., 1s.; A. S. U., 1s.; J. D., 1s. 6d.; C. W. H., 7d.; "Doubting Thomas," 2s. 3d.; "Sid," 1s.; "Well Wisher," 6d.; E. S. P., 2s. 11d.; "Weymouth," 2s. 7d.; "Scotsman," 1s.; "Nine Ninths," 2s. 3d.; "Pennell," 4d.; E. P., 1s.; "Legionary's Two Ninths," 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; E. E., 2s. 1½d.; A. I. B., 10d.; "Nelson," 6d.; S.E 14, 2s. 2d.; W. A. McD., 7s. 1½d.; R. H. S., 1s. 11d.; "Sailor's Wife," 1s.; Anon., 4d.; "Shipston," 1s. 9d.; M. H., 2s. 1½d.; "Old Bill," 5½d.; "Southport," 3½d.; "This Ninth," 5s. 3d.; "Brecon," 1s. 6d.; "Nabe-Rudge," 1s.; "Dot," 10½d.; "Falkirk," 6d.; "Widow," 1s. 9d.; "Two Ninths," 8½d.; "Moonshine," 1s. 6d.; M. B., 5s. 9d.; W. H. S., 2s. 4d.; E. C., 2s. 3d.; Anon., 7d.; T. K., 3s. 4½d.; W. A., 7d.; "Bullet Trier," 6d.; Anon., 1½d.; E. M., 1s.; "Two Hopefuls," 11d.; "Adelaide," 1s. 3d.; H. S. & F. H., 1s. 0½d.; E. J. L., 7d.; A. E. M., 1s. 2d.; "Huddersfield," 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; T. N., 1s.; "Wellwisher" (N. Wales), 1s.; "Pansy," 7d.; B. B., 6d.; O. H. W., 8s.; Bristol Reader, 5s.; "Hard Up," 9d.; K. S., 1s.; H. F., 3d.; K. P. (Lyon), 90 francs; "Barnet," 4½d.; "Hard Times," 1s.; "Four Ninths" (Dalston), £1; "New," 1s. 3½d.; "Babs," 1½d.; "Very Very Anxious Mother," 3s.; "Optimist," 2s. 3d.; "Despondent Bulletcer," 9d.; A. J. T., 2s.; "Rid," 5s. 4d.; W. J. d'M., 6½d.; "Eloc," 4d.; MacL., 1s. 7d.; L. C., 7½d.; P. C., 4½d.; M. H. E., 4d.; "Noob," 9d.; "Terry," 1½d.; "Dad," 1s. 7d.; "Lolo," 1s. 1½d.; "Two Ninths," 1s.; "A Friend," 6d.; "Unlucky," 8½d.; J. L., 1s.; "Chocrio," 4d.; "Nebo," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. I. G (Whitchurch), 8s. 2½d.; A. N., 6s. 4d.; "Worried Mother," 7d.; "Lucky," 2s.; "Unemployed," 1d.; A. F. M. H., 2s.; G. C., 1s. 7d.; "Down and Out," 1s.; D. W., 1s. 9d.; R. A. U., 7½d.; "Postman R.," 1s. 3d.; Anon., 4d.; "Looking for Luck," 3s.; L. H., 2s.; Ex-Sergt., 3d.; "Ted," 1s. 10d.; "Farm Hand," 2s.; "Cupar," 1s. 4d.; Anon., 10d.; "Hut Dweller," 1s.; "Kentish Niner," 9½d.; "Kerinc," 4s. 1d.; Anon., 9d.; "One I. C. 9d.; "Blighty," 1s.; G. K. T. S., 2s.; J. S., 2s. 8d.; "Bruce," 1s.; "On the Road," 1s. 9d.; S. O., 1s. 6d.; "Silly Suffolk," 3s. 4d.; Mrs. J. J., 6s. 6½d.; "Tanky," 3s.; "Elham," 9d.; "Wellwisher," 1s. 6d.; E. B., 1s. 6d.; "Widow," 3s.; "Unmarried Mother," 1s.; G. P. H., 2s.; H., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 2½d.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; "Unlucky," 1s. 8d.; G. C., 7d.; W. G. S., 3s.; C. B., 3d.; "Exactly," 1s. 1d.; "Unhappy," 10d.; "Three Niners," 3s. 2d.; Anon., 1s. 8d.; "Working Woman," 1s. 8d.; "Bullet Compositioner," 2½d.; Mrs. X., 6d.; Anon., 6d.; T. B., 4s. 6d.; Anon., 7d.; "Engineer," 11d.; "Out of Luck," 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 7d.; Anon., 2s.; "Sandy McB.," 5s.; J. S., 3s.; "Hopeful," 6d.; S. C. B., 1s. 4d.; Mrs. E. D., 1s.; Mr. H. J., 6d.; "Lonely One," 2s. 9d.; T. R., 1s. 1d.; "Fairy," 6d.; "Liverpool Scot," 1s. 5d.; "Cambridge," 9d.; "Hard Luck," 1s. 2½d.; "Hard Up," 5d.; "Service," 1s.; M. E. M., 1s. 1½d.; C. W. I., 6½d.; "Bolton," 2s.; A. S., 4s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 1d.; "Edinburgh," 1s. 6½d.; "Wishing Luck," 1s.; "Tod," 3d.; "Derby," 1s.; "Ex-Soldier's Wife," 6d.; W. G., 1s. 6d.; "George," 1s. 4d.; "Selby," 1s. 4½d.; S. G., 4½d.; "Two Poor People," 8d.; "Snowball," 1s.; "Meg," 1s. 4½d.; F. M., 3½d.; "Nine," 1s.; M. C., 7d.; "Soldier," 1s. 4d.; "Cobbler," 3s.; F. W. O., 4s.; "Luck's Out," 1s. 2½d.; "Church Cleaner, 3d.; Anonymous, 3d.; Miss W., 6s.; F. F., 2s.; "Birthday Ninth," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; Anon., 7½d.; "Competitor," 1s.; "Oldham," 1s. 3d.; C. T., 9d.; "Minnie," 1s. 1d.; "Tom," 4d.; "Guff," 5d.; "Nicola," 1d.; "Orkney Isles," 1s. 10d.; B. U., 1s. 1½d.; "Star," 1s. 3d.; "Annie," 2s. 6d.; "Mother of Seven," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; W. B., 2s. 7d.; Anon., 2s.; M. B. M., 4s.; "Hard Up," 7d.; G., 4s.; "Gwyn," 6d.; "Ninther," 3d.; "Bulletcer," 7½d.; "Wellwisher" (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; A. M., 1s. 2d.; B. A. R., 1s.

(Continued on page 26.)

Christmas is To-morrow

—and the next day, and the next day after that, so long as you have the "John Bull" Xmas 'Xtra to dip into. This big number, with its 48 pages, will tide you well over the Christmas holidays with festive reading matter. If you have not yet procured the best of all the Xmas extras, get your copy to-day. Price 6d.

Commence the New Year Well

"JOHN BULL" warmly commends the appeals of St. Dunstan's and the United Hospitals to its readers. "JOHN BULL" has itself sent a cheque value £25 to the United Hospitals and another cheque value £25 to St Dunstan's, and appeals to each reader to do his or her best. Commence the New Year well. Show your sympathy—your practical sympathy—with these two splendid causes. Buy tickets in the Hospitals Competition. Buy mats made by the War-Blinded Men of St. Dunstan's or send a donation.

WOMEN of BRITAIN

He gave his sight for you—
—Buy the work of his hands

Give Your House a New Year's Gift

OF

A COCOA FIBRE MAT

HAND MADE BY THE

War-Blinded Soldiers and Sailors

TRAINED AT

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Despondent and almost despairing when they enter St. Dunstan's, the men are taught there that blindness need not be the end of all content and achievement. They are shown how it may become an opportunity, are made into such skilled craftsmen that the work of their hands is even more perfect than if they had sight. Every blinded man has many long hours of every day to fill, and his joy and pride in his work help him to forget "what might have been."

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Constructed throughout by hand of the best picked long strand fibre, and finished as no machine-made mat can be, they will outlast in wear three ordinary mats. Thus their little extra cost is saved many times over by the thrifty and sympathetic housewife. Apart from these material considerations, is there a mistress of a British household who would not be proud to say of her mats, "They were made by a war-blinded man."

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I am Tso Kay,
Son of Glee,
Win Seven Thou'
And feel like me.

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It would mean a hundred desirable things—an additional income of £400 a year for life, provision for your wife and family in the event of your death, freedom from care, more comforts, more pleasures, a better house, a fuller life.

£7,500 would make your cherished dreams and hopes come true.

Go in and WIN!

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No expert knowledge required. Anyone can Win. Full particulars with Ticket.

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N.B.—All prizes guaranteed. Names of all prize winners will be published in full. Simple rules. *The Biggest competition with the Biggest prizes for the Biggest cause.*

LAST FEW WEEKS—ENTER NOW.

To DIRECTOR, HOSPITALS COMPETITION,
Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London.

I enclose P.O. for £.....s.....d..... Please send me .....tickets for the Great Hospitals Competition and the sheet showing the advertisements in colour.

**Name (in full)* .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss).

**Address* .....(3) J.B.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "Treasurer Hospitals Competition," and crossed "& Co." *Please write distinctly in BLOCK CAPITALS and in INK

. . Sports and Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE . .

The Home of the Jumper.

FROM time immemorial it has been the custom for owners who wish to participate in the cross-country sport to look to Ireland for the supply of horses likely to prove efficient steeplechasers. Of late years, owing to one or two expensive failures, there has been a tendency to "turn down" the Irishman, but unless my information is altogether at fault, "Erin-go-bragh" will this season come into its own again as the home of the "lepper."

Two Promising Novices.

Of this year's newcomers among the "timber-toppers," the Irish-bred Groomsport may be said to stand first. But there are a couple of three-year-olds from the same "disthressful country" in the background who, according to rumour, are likely to put him completely in the shade. One is King David—also, like Groomsport, trained by Coulthwaite—and the other is the Baldoyle Derby winner, Cyclax. The latter is trained by Frank Hartigan, and I hope I am not betraying stable secrets when saying that in a recent gallop over hurdles he made Double Up look very "small potatoes."

The Derby Favourite.

A correspondent invites my opinion as to what will be favourite when betting commences on the Derby. I have no hesitation in replying—Town Guard. This is by no means equivalent to saying I think Lord Woolavington's colt will win. Speedy two-year-olds have a nasty habit of proving non-stayers in their second season, and though I have no reason to believe this will prove to be the case with Town Guard, it is certain that his stamina has to be taken largely on trust.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Glass Idol.—Something of a disappointment on the flat, this horse is expected to make a name for himself over hurdles.

Tomfoolery.—This horse, who should be judged by his Kempton Park form rather than that shown a few days later at Gatwick, is a fine fencer, and is likely to give his sporting owner another winning ride in the near future.

Gasper.—Nothing like ready when he made his first appearance over hurdles at Newbury, this colt has recently done uncommonly well, and he is emphatically one to follow.

Holdcroft.—Probably the fastest steeplechaser in training. In view of the fact that he won with a "ton" in hand at Hurst Park, it is not easy to see how he is to be prevented from gaining further victories, despite his penalty.

Benediction.—Although he has been a year or so in England, this Irish importation has been given few opportunities of distinguishing himself. He is, however, very fit and well, and is confidently expected to gain brackets.

Francis Brown.—When running second to Punt Gun at Sandown Park, this horse did not apparently carry much stable confidence. He won all hearts, however, by his grand "lepping," and is tolerably certain to win a long-distance steeplechase.

Standfast.—At his first attempt over hurdles this horse proved somewhat of a disappointment, but he has now sobered down considerably, and his connections are certain that if he runs up to his recent gallops, he will win races.

Daylight Saver.—Scotland is not exactly the home of "timber-toppers," but there are one or two useful jumpers trained north of the Tweed, and Burns fully expects to get a race out of this one.

THE BALL GAME.

Fines for Fights.

PLAYERS who kick, fight or bite an opponent, or who sauce the referee, can in future be fined as well as suspended. The latter always involved loss of pay, but was frequently evaded by a whip-round in the dressing room. The extra penalty should restrict team generosity and fall directly on the offender.

Big Bidding.

In another fortnight half of the 64 clubs will have fallen out of the F.A. Cup competition, and then there will be the usual transfers from some of the smaller fry, who can only exist by two or three good Cup gates or by the sale of players. Several good men have been earmarked by prospective buyers, and I hear there will be plenty of bidding for them.

Good for Notts.

Aston Villa and Everton were among the people who wanted Gerald Morgan, the Irish international half-back. Notts Forest beat the lot, and so far have no reason to regret Morgan's signature. He is a player of the thrusting rather than the polished type, but his defence is very sound, and there's been more steadiness in the Forest rearguard since Morgan took a hand in it.

Liverpool's Left.

One of the worst mistakes Manchester United ever made was to let Hopkin move to Liverpool. They would give double what they received to get him back as a partner to Neil M'Bain. Even if Chambers and Hopkin are not the best left-wings in the country, they are the most consistent pair, and I should say the heaviest. No back can knock either off the ball.

Dainty Doctor.

If Dr. Paterson could assist the Arsenal in their away matches they would probably have to their credit those extra two or three points which mean all the difference between insomnia and complacency. There is no more fascinating winger in the South than the doctor. Class is written all over his movements, and if he had another yard or two of speed he would be a terrible fellow to stop. He and Reg. Boreham have struck a mutual understanding which has put a lot more pep into the Arsenal attack.

A Bristol Find.

I have not seen Bristol City play this season, but I am told they have discovered a very promising full-back in Dyer, who was noticed playing on the local meadows. I have heard more than one good judge predict an eventful career for Dyer, and I hope, for Bristol City's sake, they are right. This club has for too long been out of the limelight. Bristol is quite big enough for a first division team.

Blends with Buchan.

Alec Donaldson was not so far in the veteran class as Bolton Wanderers thought when they let him go to Sunderland. He is just the type to link up with the craft of Buchan. Donaldson was capped as long ago as 1914, but he has a fair chance of further Scottish honours if he keeps his present form, as he is as fearless as ever.

Barren Trips.

I hear Newcastle's search for talent has not had the results expected. One of their agents was told in Scotland "What's the use of you fellows coming here for players? We can't find them ourselves." Then Colin Veitch and Willie McCracken went all the way to Ireland to see a likely forward, but were so disgusted with him that they returned the same day.

Not So Canny.

The Rangers are now well on the way to another Scottish league championship, and one of the men who are taking them there is Henderson, the centre-forward. Dundee cannot be credited with exhibiting any of the local shrewdness when they let Henderson go to the Light Blues for a paltry few hundreds. Henderson is a real sharpshooter, and can shoot with both feet.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 30.

(Nap selections in Black Type)

HOME WINNERS.

Arsenal, Aston Villa, **Sunderland**, Blackburn, **Bolton**, **Manchester C.**, Middlesbro', Blackpool, Bradford C., **Bury**, Clapton, Port Vale, **Southampton**, Wolverhampton, Bristol R., **Reading**, Merthyr, Northampton, **Plymouth**, Queen's P.R., **Swansea**, **Swindon**, **Chesterfield**, **Crewe**, Lincoln, **Nelson**, **Rochdale**, Stalybridge, **Wigan**, Wrexham, Airdrieonians, **Dundee**, **Hearts**, Morton, **Rangers**, Third Lanark.

AWAY WINNERS.

Liverpool, **Newcastle**, West Ham, **Notts C.**, **Watford**, **Bristol City**, Halifax, Bradford, Hibernians, Falkirk, **Celtic**.

DRAWS.

Sheffield U. v. Burnley, **Everton v. Huddersfield**, **Barnsley v. Leicester**, Hull v. Manchester U., **Luton v. Millwall** Clyde v. Partick T.

SUGGESTED COUPONS.

8 HOME:—Sunderland, Manchester C., Swindon, Nelson, Wigan, Hearts, Dundee, Rangers.

4 AWAY:—Liverpool, Watford, Bristol C., Celtic.

3 DRAWS:—Everton v. Huddersfield, Barnsley v. Leicester, Luton v. Millwall.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Rangers, Bristol C., Everton v. Huddersfield.

2 HOME, 2 AWAY:—Dundee, Rangers, Watford, Bristol C.

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.

KEMPTON PARK (WEDNESDAY).

1.0 **Berneray** (John Cheek, The Fly III.).
1.30 **Hareesh*** (Speen, Petty Cury).
2.0 **Ardgour** (Silvo, Bergate).
2.30 **Royal Highness** (Precious, Prince Herod).
3.0 **Iriandais** (Mabu).
3.30 **Gasper** (Le Cellier, Oh! Dick).

WOLVERHAMPTON (WEDNESDAY).

12.50 **Life Buoy** (Snake Ash, Sylvarito).
1.20 **King David** (Groomsport, Quick March).
1.50 **Lukeston*** (Ulster Division, Charlie Wise).
2.20 **Mundela** (Wood Ant).
2.50 **Madrigal** (Vaulx, Winter Voyage).
3.15 **Cossaque** (Regent's Park, Parapliue).

CHELTENHAM (THURSDAY).

1.0 **Heathencote** (Southern Gleam, Vaulx).
1.30 **Ambridge** (Regicles, St. Eloi).
2.0 **Tomfoolery** (Impressioner, Loch Allen).
2.30 **Cossaque** (Etelred).
3.0 **Hymir** (John Peel, Life Buoy).
3.30 **Uncle David** (Sancroft, Agricola).

NEWBURY (FRIDAY).

1.0 **Amnesty** (Heathencote, Mask Off).
1.30 **Warwick** (Petty Cury, Huonora).
2.0 **Just For Luck**) Mr. Madcap, Cossaque).
2.30 **Charlie Wise*** (Double Bed, Mile End).
3.0 **Mountain Pass** (Templebar, Tomfoolery.)
3.30 **King Pippin** (Quick March, Ballyrag).

NEWBURY (SATURDAY).

1.0 **Burly** (Perico, Glen Eagle).
1.30 **King's Carol*** (Tisu).
2.0 **Old Tay Bridge** (Trentino, Keep Cool).
2.30 **Tharros** (Ballyrag, Royal Highness).
3.0 **Coriopsis** (Dutch Toy Derryboy II.).
3.30 **Holdcroft** (Rosy Sun).

John Bull's Footballers

No. 15.—C. STEPHENSON (Huddersfield)

CLEM STEPHENSON has two distinctions. He's proud of one, but sore about the other. They are that he has three Cup medals on his watch-chain, and that he is the best inside-left in the country who has not had international representation.

Like dozens of other stars, Stephenson comes from the Wearside firmament. Sunderland thought he would be sure to return to the district when the differences between Stephenson and Aston Villa could not be healed, but Huddersfield got busy first.

Stephenson's football emanates from his brain. Some people do not like him because he is not always up with the other forwards, but Clem believes in helping a bit in defence, and so when he has made the pass which sets up the attack, he often hangs around for developments.

Clem made Smith the winger he turned out to be, and no inside forward gives his partner more accurate passes or creates more real openings. He holds the ball just long enough to make a defender come to him, and then slips it one way or the other with mechanical precision.

Stephenson is a stockily built chap, but he prefers the swerve to the mere use of weight, and few inside forwards can round an opponent with such ease, since he can use either the inside or outside of the boot to carry the ball.

As a shot he is no terror. In fact, he's done nothing in the scoring business this season, but Clem has usually handed out more than his bit before the shooting area is reached, and he's no great ambitions towards knocking over goalkeepers.

P.S.

(*Next week*: THE RANGERS TEAM.)

How to Pick Winners

Figuring Out Chances in Back-End Events

Ex-handicapper, continuing his interesting series, deals with the back-end Handicaps. (The notes in parentheses are by our racing correspondent "Rowley Mile")

LAST week I dealt with the Spring Handicaps. Now I will take the back-end events, which, perhaps, excite more speculation than any other races, excepting only the Derby.

First and foremost, and certainly the most important, is the Cesarewitch. In this race, top weights are seldom successful, a circumstance accounted for by the fact that usually, at this time of the year, the going is on the heavy side. At least 75 per cent. of the entrants have no pretensions to stay this course at a racing pace, and so ante-post wagering is a really good money-spinner for the layers.

Any intelligent commission agent could name the winner in a very few. The wonder is that they do not offer 10,000 to 1 against most of the horses. It takes a really good three-year-old to win this race. (Top middleweights, however, have been very successful: Air Raid, Furore, Yutoi, Son-in-Law, Willonyx (top weight), Hammerkop, etc., for example.—R. M.)

In the Cambridgeshire, the three-year-olds come into their own. No fewer than 16 have won the race in a period of 29 years. At this time of the year, and over this distance, a three-year-old is probably at his best. Fillies are partial to this race, and in their case it must be remembered that they may be handicapped on running earlier in the year, when they were not at all expected to win from well-known causes.

A three-year-old which ran well in the Royal Hunt Cup, and is fairly treated in the Cambridgeshire, is a probable winner. At this later period of the year the top-weight is almost certain to be beaten, for amongst the middle or light division there is pretty sure to be one at least with a good deal of weight in hand.

It is one of the few races in England at present where one may anticipate something in the nature of an old-fashioned coup. (Though the top-weight does not win, this is explained by the fact that the top-weight is usually a horse penalised by winning the Duke of York's Handicap.—R. M.)

The above remarks are of a very general nature, and merely intended for those who cannot resist the temptation of having an interest in a big race. The intention is to show what may safely be avoided. By a process of elimination a race should not be so difficult to analyse as it appears at first glance, and when there are twenty "probables," the issue can often be narrowed down to about half-a-dozen.

If we take the Lincoln Handicap, for instance, it would appear to be fairly safe to dismiss all three-year-olds and horses of the age of five and upwards, handicapped below 7 st. cannot be of much account, judging by past records. Thus we are left with a much smaller field upon which to base our calculations. Generally speaking, top-weights possess an advantage in: (1) Jubilee Handicap, (2) City and Suburban, (3) Lincoln Handicap, while they meet with little success in such races as (1) Royal Hunt Cup, (2) Stewards' Cup, (3) Cesarewitch, (4) Cambridgeshire.

It is to be hoped that the following table will prove instructive:—

WINNERS.

	6st.–7st.	7st.–8st.	8st. and over
Lincoln Handicap (1 mile) (1892–1913 inc.)	3*	12	7
Gt. Metropolitan (2 m. 2 f.) (1887–1913 inc.)	8	14	3
City & Suburban (1 m. 2 f.) (1885–1913 inc.)	3	11	15
Chester Cup (2½ miles) .. (1885–1913 inc.)	6	14	9
Jubilee Handicap (1 m. 2 f.) (1894–1913 inc.)	3	6	10
Ascot Stakes (2 miles) .. (1891–1913 inc.)	4	9	10
Royal Hunt Cup (7 f. 166 yds.) (1890–1913 inc.)	4	16	4
Northumberland Plate (2 miles) (1893–1913 inc.)	4	6	11
Stewards' Cup (6 f.) .. (1890–1913 inc.)	7	9	8
Ebor Handicap (1 m. 6 f.) (1891–1913 inc.)	1	12	10
Duke of York Handicap (1 m. 2 f.) (1894–1913 inc.)	4	9	7
Cesarewitch (2 m. 2 f.) .. (1886–1913 inc.)	13	11	5
Cambridgeshire (1 m. 1 f.) (1885–1913 inc.)	7	17	5

*Including two three-year-olds.

From the above it will be gathered that the largest proportion of Lincoln winners come from the 7 st.-8 st. division and in the case of the Great Metropolitan from 8 st. downwards, while over fifty per cent. of the races have gone to horses carrying over 8 st. in the City and Suburban! From 7 st. upwards in the Chester Cup the bulk of the winners spring, as is the case with the Royal Hunt Cup. Top-weights prevail in the Northumberland Plate. Lightweights appear to be of no manner of use in the Great Ebor Handicap—one in the 6 st.—7 st. division against 13 in the Cesarewitch. The Newmarket affair is a long and heart-breaking journey, but as there is no great difference in the distance, or the time between the races, the returns are instructive. In any case, it would seem to be safe to put your pen through all horses in the Great Ebor Handicap weighted below 7 st.

A closer analysis of these figures shows the divisions which produce the great majority of the winners:—

Lincoln Handicap, 7 st. to 8.7; City and Suburban, from 7.7 upwards; Great Metropolitan, from 8 st. downwards; Chester Cup, from 7 st. to 8.7; Jubilee Handicap, 8 st. and upwards; Ascot Stakes, between 7.7 and 8.7; Royal Hunt Cup, 7 st. to 8 st.; Northumberland Plate, 8 st. and upwards; Ebor Handicap, 7 st. to 8.7; Duke of York Stakes, 6.7 to 7.7; Cesarewitch, 6.7 to 7.7; Cambridgeshire, 7 st. to 8 st.

In addition to the Cambridgeshire, in which three-year-olds have such a striking number of victories to their credit, the Stewards' Cup is also to their liking, as no fewer than 11 horses of that age have won since 1890. Only one has won in the Chester Cup since 1885, and in addition to other races mentioned, they are best left alone in the Northumberland Plate and Great Ebor Handicap.

Next week's article will deal with the advantage of restricting investments to weight-for-age races.

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W. 29.

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Death Pacts and the Law.

If two people agreed to commit suicide together, and the bargain was acted upon and one died, the survivor is by law guilty of murder. How is it then, that in two cases of late, one very recent, the verdicts were entirely different.

In the first case where the female survived, the charge of murder was withdrawn, and a charge of attempted suicide substituted, the verdict being nine months' imprisonment. Now we have a more recent case, a male surviving terribly injured, after a vain attempt to rescue the other person, a girl, from being killed. This man was sentenced to death. This is law, but not justice.—Albert W. Davis, Alma Street, Bristol.

Women on the Scaffold.

In the name of civilisation use the powerful influence of JOHN BULL to prevent the execution of the woman Thompson, or of any other of the women now under sentence of death.

It is not a question of sentiment, nor of just retribution for a terrible crime. It is a question of national decency. Over half a century ago we found it intolerable that a woman should be sentenced to having her back flayed by the cat. For nearly twenty years we have found it equally intolerable for a woman to have her neck broken by the hangman's rope. Are we to gratify a momentary lust for vengeance—to step backwards towards barbarism?

Away with this canting logic which demands that the price a woman shall pay for the privileges she has lately been granted shall be the denial to her of the chivalry which her fragile body requires! Let the cad who refuses his tube seat to the tired girl who works beside him in his office, shake hands with the ruffian who drags a screaming, dishevelled, feebly struggling woman to the trap-door! But let the man—the British man—recognise that the grand quality of his species is mercy.—R. W. Lees Evans, Nellore, The Driffold, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

Pensions for All.

The average man to-day, as of yore, has nothing better to look forward to in his old age than poverty, the workhouse or dependency on others. This being so when will our wonderful politicians, who are so solicitous of our welfare, evolve some scheme of either voluntary or compulsory contributed-to pensions, so that by paying each week whilst in work for a set number of years, a man can have a pension to keep him and his "Joan" in decency and comfort when he has earned his rest—at, say, 60? If it is good for our policemen, postmen and railwaymen, why is it not equally as good, nay essential, for every other class of labour, some more essential to the nation's existence? Would not Labour be more satisfied to know that when a life's work had been done rest and comfort were assured? G. R. Samuelson, The Anchor, Upper Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells.

A Lump Sum or a Dole?

A great help to many ex-Service men who are in receipt of disability pensions, and also a big economy to the country in the future, would be the commuting of these pensions, if desired. Many a man would be only too glad to surrender his pension on, say, a ten years' basis, even though he might expect to enjoy double that length of life, simply that he might get hold of a sum of money with which to start in business for himself.—J. T. Barnes, 10, Lyndhurst Street, Seedley, Manchester.

Making Marriage Difficult.

Very few people seem to realise that the cause of many of our troubles at the present time is the fact that people get married too young. The rush to marry which took place during the war has caused the shortage of houses and much of the poverty encountered everywhere. So long as it is easy to get married, foolish young folk will do so before they are capable of running a home. Half the girls who are dealt with by welfare associations were married between the ages of 18 and 20.

As long as people can enter matrimony as easily as they can enter a picture show these evils will exist.—Social Worker, Shoreditch, London.

The Disabled Out-of-Works.

The formulators of the many schemes to supply work for the unemployed seem to have forgotten all about the thousands who are disabled. These men cannot do a navvy's job, and have practically no chance of competing with physically fit experts in the skilled trades. Disabled ex-soldiers certainly receive training, but hardly ever do they get a job which they can "hold down." Surely they should be considered when the work is to be handed out.—J. A. M., Treherne Road, Brixton.

Fox Hunting Foolishness.

A member of the Glamorgan Hunt has stated that fox hunting is of benefit to farmers. As a farmer I beg to differ. When farmers have young clover they drive all the stock off it in quick time and nurse it in every possible way. Suddenly a pack of hounds goes pell mell across the meadows, followed by 60 to 100 wild people on horseback, all apparently trying to do as much damage as they can. They are worse than a lot of giddy girls trying to catch sunbeams. Fences, hedges and crops are all ruthlessly destroyed.

Certain persons in Scotland actually breed foxes and turn them loose in Wales where they live on farmers' game and poultry. Where does the benefit come in for us?—E. T., The Farm, Stanberry, Glam.

Out With It!

PUT your ideas and views on paper.
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"Dangerous Opticians."

The Ministry of Health has "turned down" the proposed Bill for the registration of opticians. The qualified and unqualified are considered a "danger to the public in not being able to diagnose diseased conditions of the eye." I am one of the "dangerous opticians." Twenty years ago I took up the study and training and "qualified."

During my 20 years' practice I have diagnosed many dangerous diseases, sending the sufferers to ophthalmic surgeons instead of supplying them with spectacles. These people might have gone to shops and bought ready-made glasses.

Optical legislation is in force in every State in U.S.A. Governor Hughes said it was a success in the State of New York and the people were benefited. They have legislation in some of the Provinces of Canada and Australia, and also in small countries like Tasmania, etc. Why not here?—J. Parry Morton, Bank Chambers, Dowlais.

"The Fires of Revolt."

Perhaps you will be kind enough to allow a working-man to offer a few comments on the vews of "A Gentleman with a Duster," as expressed in his recent article "The Fires of Revolt."

He talks like a prosperous Victorian, but he has one or two things to learn about the causes of revolt.

In the first place, enmity between the classes and masses depends from beginning to end on prevailing conditions.

If the rich strive always to obtain more power over the poor, instead of to raise them; and if on the other hand, the poor become continually more vicious and numerous, through neglect and oppression, the power of the rich increases, but their hold becomes less secure, and it is just at this stage that the Newbolds and Bolsheviks come on the scene and undoubtedly prosper.

At the present time in England there are few men who are entitled to be called *Masters*. In fact a very great number have no idea what *Mastership* really means; they live for gold, not glory, and love nothing but pleasure.

Pleasant promises and pathetic oratory are not going to stem the tide of revolt, which every good Englishman abhors, and the sooner our governing classes learn that what is just is right, and what is unjust is wrong, the better for themselves and the future of the British Empire.—John Campbell, The Cottage, Low Gosforth House, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

British Wounded in Ireland.

In an Irish paper there recently appeared the following:—"On Saturday morning about 65 wounded British soldiers were removed in ambulances to Carlisle Pier, Kingstown, and transferred to the s.s. *Anglia*, en route for England. Of these 30 were stretcher cases."

The British public should know how these soldiers came by their wounds. As there were many stretcher cases, the men cannot have received their wounds very long ago. No word has been given officially of British troops being engaged in fighting. It is the right of Parliament to interest itself in the reason for such heavy casualties.—Arthur Richardson, Maltby, near Rotherham.

Married Women Teachers.

Why is it that with work so scarce practically nothing is done to check the ever-growing evil of married school teachers. In London County Schools alone there are 3,800 married women teachers, and there is hardly a village throughout the Kingdom that does not contain husband and wife receiving the maximum salary with a pension to follow. Poor chance for younger aspirants for these posts. The time has now arrived when Parliament should make women teachers resign when they get married.—Alfred Harris, 16, Norfolk Place, Welling, Kent.

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HERB. (Stamford Bridge).—"Some women think more of a dog's life than a human being's." The one is often the other, anyway.

MRS. S. (Bristol).—"I do love candour." We are not quite sure whether you wrote "candour" or "candy," but in any case we agree.

J. F. (Littlehampton).—"Who, pray, is to define what exactly is 'women's work'?" Men, obviously, as long as the women let them.

ANTIQUARY (Camden Town).—"We can trace our family back to William the Conqueror." Your family back has our deep sympathy.

MARJORIE B. (Norwood).—"Please say quite frankly what you think of my letter." We have tried, but our efforts were wretchedly inadequate.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH (Clovelly).—"People who go without breakfast are much healthier." We are cutting out eggs and bacon forthwith.

JESSIE H. (Southend).—"Who was it said 'Never marry a man who neither smokes nor drinks,' and do you agree?" R. L. Stevenson. Yes.

W. Y. (Warrington).—"I think you ought to have a big article on the subject of bi-metallism." If we thought so too we should have it. Leave it at that.

RACEGOER (Wimbledon).—"Why shouldn't flat racing continue throughout the winter?" Just about now, most punters are very glad it doesn't.

T. R. (Matlock).—"I suppose you won't believe this yarn, but it's true nevertheless." Sorry to appear rude, but perhaps we have a small swallow.

KESKA (Dover).—"There is more lying in a Custom House than anywhere else." Go to the Royal Courts of Justice and hear some of the evidence.

NON CREDO (Lambeth).—"Try as I will, I cannot believe in a personal devil." We feel distinctly sorry for you: we can believe anything if we try hard enough.

J. J. D. (Leeds).—"Have you ever said in your paper that the Channel Tunnel was within about a week of being completed?" Relying on an absolutely perfect memory we say No! emphatically.

TOILER (Bradford).—"Do you really think the time is coming when the working man will be really happy?" We shouldn't be surprised. The politicians have been predicting this for 100 years.

CANINE (Wimbledon).—"Is there such a thing as a toy Great Dane?" No; nor a giant Peke.

ILLEGIBLE (Andover).—"What is the best way to improve my handwriting?" Buy a typewriter.

PUBLICAN (Rochdale).—"The price of glasses is scandalous." Tankards are a very good substitute.

LOTHARIO (Crewe).—"It it possible to love two girls at the same time?" It is possible, but highly inadvisable.

HARRIET (Swindon).—"Oh, that my pen could only write what I feel!" The last three words strike us as superfluous.

JOE B. (Maida Vale).—"Things might be worse, and what's the good of being miserable, anyway?" Your sentiments, Joseph, should be broadcasted.

M. N. R. (Burton-on-Trent).—"This is a neurotic age." Yes, and degenerate and decadent and immoral—anything you like. But do let's be happy.

J. K. L. (London, W.).—"Let's cut out the sob stuff, and get down to brass tacks." Son, your language is obscure, but you've said a mouthful.

HENPECKED (Warnford).—"My wife complains that I get on her nerves." If your voice is anything like your handwriting, it is a justifiable complaint.

ADMIRER (Hunstanton).—"I hope you don't mind my writing so often." Not a bit: but you might remember that a postage stamp can only be used once.

ECONOMIST (Purley).—"Why shouldn't cats be taxed as well as dogs?" This is one of the hidden mysteries of Government which may never be solved.

CORPORE SANO (Maidstone).—"Too much attention is paid to mental, and too little to physical development." We disagree: too little attention is paid to both, in most cases.

OLD FASHIONED (Liverpool).—"If everyone wore flannel next the skin and took cold baths, there would be very little sickness." But quite a number of deaths from shock.

G. F. (Farnborough).—"The custom of kissing under the mistletoe is of pagan origin." But it can be done in a Christian spirit, as we can personally affirm.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

FREDDIE (Walsall).—"Here's one straight from the shoulder." It missed us.

J. S. B. (Falkirk).—"'J.B.' will never stop hanging." Tell us that in five years' time.

WILL T. (Monmouth).—"Poverty can be criminal." And is invariably regarded as such.

H. S. (Chiswick).—"Tramlines are the motorist's curse." And the worker's blessing. Don't be selfish.

J. S. B. (Falkirk).—"From my youth up I have had a *penchant* for scribbling." And you haven't lost it yet.

REGGIE T. (Mayfair).—"We can't all be clever." We need no more convincing proof than your letter.

E. M. T. (Highgate).—"Is there a market for blank verse?" Yes, but it mustn't be *quite* so blank as yours.

H. Y. O. (Barnet).—"Have they every kind of beast at the Zoo?" Everything except automatic-adders.

TELL-TALE (Grantham).—"Love is lost in the bitter frost." Yes, we dessay. But there's no such frost as punk poetry.

NEARLY THIRTY (Ipswich).—"I do wish 1923 were a leap year." Assume a privilege if you have it not; in other words, go to it.

VEGETARIAN (Cricklewood).—"We enclose you our Christmas dinner." It hasn't arrived yet, and we don't think much of the menu.

LOUISA J. (Clapham).—"I feel I am different from other people." A most profoundly introspective thought. Your feelings do you credit.

THOUGHTFUL (Taunton).—"I have made a New Year resolution always to speak the truth." *Magna est veritas*, but you're in for a rough time.

LIVERPUDLIAN (Bootle).—"I have never heard a good word spoken about this town." We once heard a man say it was a fine place to come home from.

COCK ROBIN (Southampton).—"Winters are not nearly so severe as they used to be: what is the reason?" Either the Government or the Gulf Stream.

FRED (Heaton).—"Why do Scotsmen celebrate the New Year more than Christmas?" Because the public-houses shut at ten. (This wants thinking out.)

ANXIOUS TO KNOW (Blackpool).—"What is the fastest and longest non-stop railway run in England?" 10.30 Paddington to Plymouth. Average speed 54.8. 226 miles. The fastest short run is Leicester-Arkwright St. and Darlington-York at 61¼ miles an hour.

UNION (Matlock).—"What is the best way of avoiding sea-sickness?" Avoid sea.

ALFRED (Wakefield).—"How much is a monkey?" The first prize in *Bullets* this week.

MOTHER (Glasgow).—"Can I do anything with my boy of 16? He will not work." See the sheriff.

REFORM (Cambridge).—"I have designed a new hat for men." You are not alone in your futility.

LESS FOOLING (Wapping).—"No more Mespot, thank you!" Don't thank *us*: we had nothing to do with it.

CHICKY (Barnes).—"I'd like to meet this anarchist Johnstone!" He would like you to spell his name right.

J. R. (Taunton).—"A fast woman ruins men more than a slow horse." We can only speak for slow horses.

WHAT A HOPE (Lambeth).—"Has a landlady as such any official status?" We are consulting the editor of Debrett.

J. M. L. (Bootle).—"I fear for the eternal future of my fellows." Do something to help their present, old man.

VICTIMISED (Halifax).—"How can you tell genuine antique furniture from faked?" You can't, unless you're an expert.

TUPPENNY (Crewe).—"Five times this year I have dreamt I was dead." Dream it five times every five years, and you'll never die.

J. W. M. (Leeds).—"A gentleman told me, 'That man's father was mine, and yet we are not brothers.' What was he?" A liar.

COALPORTER (Leeds).—"Am I entitled to keep my eldest sister?" No special permission is required. If you mean *must* you—no.

DESPAIR (West Ham).—"How can a man live on a pound a week?" You are single and you're well off compared with some poor souls.

W. H. J. (Harlesden).—"Millions of pounds go up every year in smoke." And millions go down in drink: thus is equilibrium maintained.

ROSICRUCIAN (Ayr).—"Anything can be accomplished by concentration." You might concentrate on next year's Lincolnshire and write again.

POT AND KETTLE (Manchester).—"A man has no chance against police evidence." Especially when he is as guilty as you admit you were.

ONE OF MANY (Hull).—"I think 'Human Documents' are so popular because so many of the cases fit everybody." We think you are right.

EMILY (Southport).—"Lots of good and simple resolutions could be made on January 1st." And lots of bad heads and compound fractures on the 2nd.

FEN MAN (Norwich).—"I have written to you a hundred times." And a hundred times we haven't thought it worth while answering. Isn't that sharp?

G. K. (Nottingham).—"You would blush if I told you all the complimentary remarks I have heard about JOHN BULL." Don't tell us; the last time we blushed a bee stung us.

G. R. (Mansfield).—"Your 'Letter Bag' and 'Printers' Pie' jokes make me chuckle more than anything." Splendid, aren't they? And all *meant* to be funny.

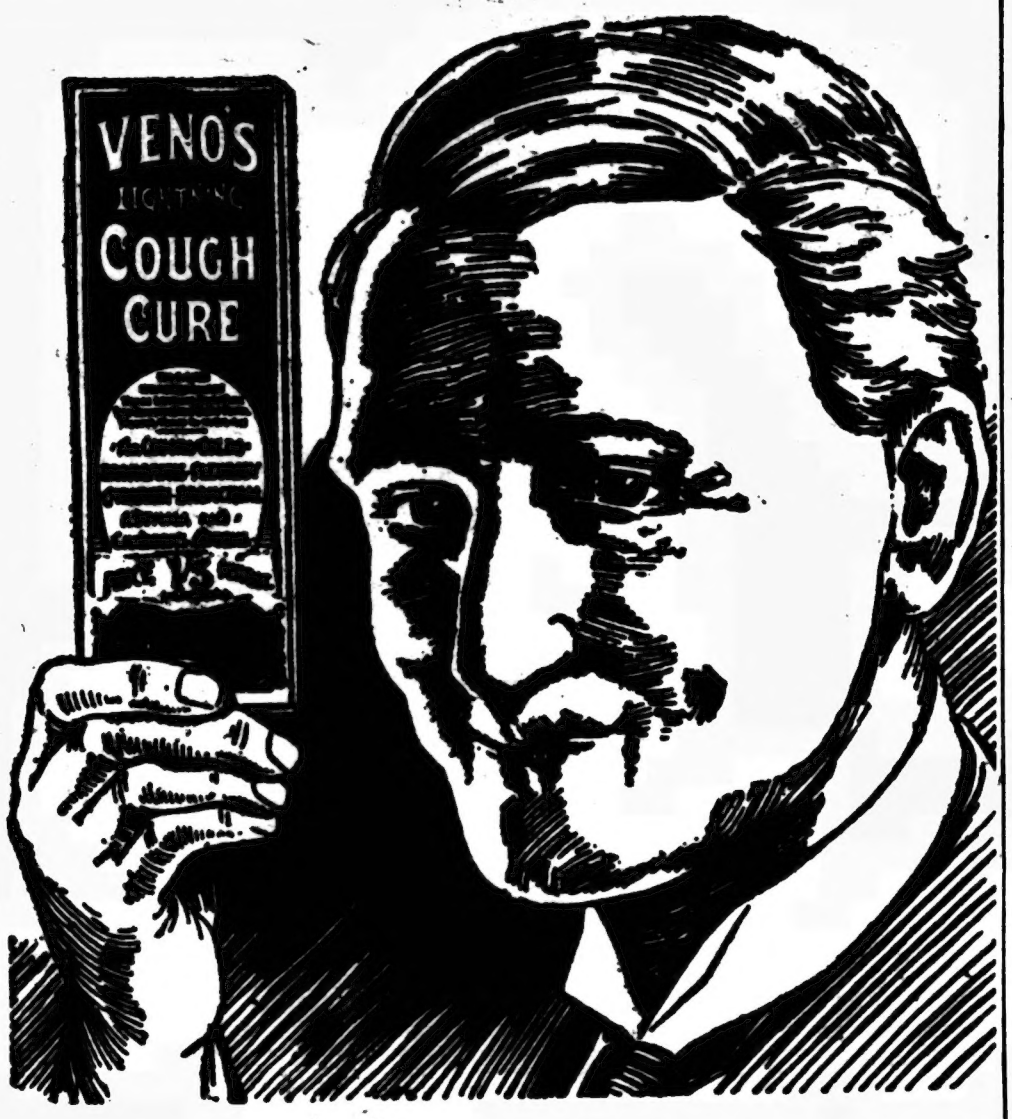
(More replies on page 26.)

Start the New Year by Winning

£3,000.

See Page 2.

Bronchitis, Asthma and Chronic Coughs



No matter whether the cause of your Cough be Cold, Catarrh or Bronchitis Veno's will cure it. Veno's will stop the tickling ease your chest, soothe and heal, the membrane. Veno's is the Universal Home Remedy for children and adults. It is safe and children like it and will take it gladly.

If you cough, take Veno's. For bronchial troubles it is specific. When the tickling in the throat indicates that a cold is coming, take Veno's. You will be saved hours of discomfort and distress, you will obtain real rest at night, you will escape the possibility of serious illness. All over the world Veno's is acknowledged to be specific for throat and chest trouble.

Veno's cures bronchitis. The dry hard cough which accompanies this distressing complaint is eased immediately—the bronchial passages are soothed, the membrane is healed, the cough vanishes because the cause has gone.

In actual asthma there is noticeable relief, the passages, soothed by the healing balsams which Veno's Lightning Cough Cure contains respond to its curative influence; and the severity of the attacks is noticeably lessened. In catarrhal asthma you have a cure in Veno's because experience has proved that with patience the discharge decreases with every dose, and eventually subsides. The relief in any case is wonderful. Veno's should certainly be taken for Asthmatic Catarrh.

For children it is the ideal remedy. It quickly cures children's bronchitis. For whooping cough it is specific.

The children take it gladly because they like it. Its pleasant balsamic flavour appeals to their palate. It contains no narcotic drug, nothing at all that is harmful, therefore you can give it to them without anxiety. The whole composition of Veno's is a really wholesome mixture of approved balsamic remedies which will certainly cure coughs, throat and chest troubles. Those who know it bless it for the boon it has proved to them. Those who have not yet used it have a tremendous boon in store.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL AT THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1910.

The Laboratories of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Chester-road, Manchester, are open for the inspection of the public daily. Visitors will be fascinated with the wonderful pharmaceutical processes—many of them unique—which are employed. They will realise, too, why it is that this fine institution has gained the world's admiration for their famous domestic remedies—Dr. Cassell's Tablets, Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and Germolene.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the World-wide Home Remedy for

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Night Coughs, Whooping Cough, Lung Troubles, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Hoarseness, and Blood-spitting.

Prices: 1/3 and 3/- per bottle of all Chemists and Stores in the Empire.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

WHAT OF THE NEW YEAR?

Further Talk with Our Subscription Representatives

WHAT'S your New Year resolution going to be? In spite of the fact that there are many who tell us that New Year's resolutions are only made to be broken, January 1st has a way of searching in intimate fashion into our past records, and asking in curt fashion: "What of the New Year?"

* * *

Resolve to do even bigger things in the New Year—you can count on us helping you to turn those resolutions into realities.

* * *

"It should be made perfectly clear that JOHN BULL is to be purchased for a minimum of 13 weeks." We expect you remember our little bit of friendly advice on this score last week. We are reminded of it in a letter we received the other day, from F. H. Llewellyn, 28, Wing Street, Ammanford, who says, amongst other things: "I make it a point to explain the insurance *in detail*," and he goes on to say that he has had only one misunderstanding so far, and "I paid the party a visit on my rounds to-day." That's the way to work—good, sound business, and no "come-backs." A word to the wise . . .

* * *

With regard to our own plans for 1923, as far as your own work is concerned: You will all understand that no system can be made perfect until it has been working for some time little—there are bound to be little flaws in every scheme which sooner or later come to the surface. As you know, we keep a complete history of the doings of every one of our representatives from the day they first join us. This information, aided by expert supervision, enables us to get a clear insight into the work which everyone is doing. We have plans now in hand for further encouraging the many whose records show such splendid promise, as we have of discouraging the few who still do not adhere to the proper working of the scheme.

* * *

With reference to the scheme of insurance itself, as we pointed out last week, we have nothing to revise or alter. Whilst the dailies are amending their plans, we stand fast by ours, knowing that they are built on a firm and sure foundation.

* * *

The large number of letters we receive daily from satisfied claimants is sure proof that JOHN BULL pays promptly, and runs its Free Home Insurance Scheme in the best interests of its readers.

* * *

It is realised that the large number of people who are satisfied with JOHN BULL's methods is the finest argument that our Subscription Representatives can use in order to persuade other people in the district to register.

* * *

The following are the Efficiency Prizewinners for week ending Tuesday, December 12th. First Prize, £3, B. Isaacs, 41, Cathcart Street, Greenock; Second Prize £2, L. C. Stock, 17, Oak Hill Road, Wanstead; Third Prize £1, A. R. Wender, 15, Centre Street, S. Elmsall, nr. Pontefract.

* * *

We wish our Subscription Representatives, one and all, a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each or loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£500—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees under similar circumstances.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Emergency Benefit.

Smallpox—£3 per week (payable up to 6 weeks) should registered reader be totally disabled as a result of contracting Smallpox

CUT HERE

J.B. 30 12.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 30 12.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(*Continued from page 24.*)

M. B. (Horsted Keynes).—"You Londoners think us country bumpkins fools, but we're not." As a matter of fact, most successful Londoners came up from the country. Now kiss your hand to us.

W. S. H. (Wellington).—"Nothing is perfect; there's room for improvement in all things." That's true, although the office boy tells us that his latest girl is a perfect peach.

G. R. (Eastleigh).—"It seems to me that patriotism has gone to the dogs." Or to the "demnition bow-wows," as Mr. Mantalini would say. But don't you believe it.

P. W. (Bromley).—"In course of time there will not be a horse or a bicycle in the streets." Sounds as though you have been reading H. G. Wells. Some of you lads are the limit.

E. W. S. (Purley).—"Is the word 'beak' the recognised slang for a judge?" Usually for a Magistrate, we believe, although personally the disrespectful phrase shocks us beyond measure.

K. T. (Sheffield).—"Now that the annual guzzling and gorging festival is over, perhaps we can settle down to business." We can, and, as you say, perhaps you can. If not, stand up till you feel a bit easier.

DONALD (Falkirk).—"Is it better to kill a fowl several days before cooking or to keep it alive till the latest possible time?" Keeping a fowl till the last minute has its points. For instance, it might decide to lay another egg.

MAISIE (Preston).—"Only a fool would believe anything said by gossiping women." Ah! you've been listening-in!

ANONYMOUS (Stratford-on-Avon).—JOHN BULL Pen forwarded as desired to the boy whose name and address you sent on.

BILL (Huddersfield).—"Can you tell me off-hand how many miles it is from Margate to Carlisle as the crow flies?" The office boy has instructions to tackle the first crow he sees travelling in that direction.

MYSTIFIED (Sunderland).—"Can you understand a man who nods or shakes his head instead of replying 'Yes' or 'No'?" We cannot, unless it is to hear the rattle.

NEGRO (Cardiff).—"Why do you go out of your way to run down coloured men?" We don't if they are "white" coloured men.

TOP HOLE (Rotherham).—"Living in the open air all day has done me a lot of good." There's no need to ask "how are you" then?

VISITOR (Nottingham).—"I never believed all the talk about the beautiful girls here until I dropped in last week." And now we suppose you're sorry you took a return ticket?

INDIGNANT (Lancaster).—"Why on earth is that brazen-hussy, Queenie Gerald, allowed to be at large?" Ask the police. But, I say, "brazen-hussy" is good. Queenie *will* be pleased.

TOM (Bristol).—"I have nothing but praise for the wonderful courage you show in exposing the scum and tricksters of this country." Courage, sir, is our middle name.

T. T. L. (Rugby).—"Travelling about the country I get annoyed at the time wasted by railway engines stopping so long to take in water." Tell the driver to use a larger spoon.

ANNOYED (Bradford).—"I cannot understand why so many empty condensed milk tins are allowed to lie about in the fields." You've probably struck a cow's nest.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(*Continued from page 18.*)

G. G. G., 5s.; "Frank," 10d.; "Sporty," 4d.; E. B., 2s. 5d.; Mrs. B. (Neath), 8s. 6d.; B. L., 1s. 3d.; "Whist," 1s.; E. T. A., 3s. 6d.; "Buxton," 4½d.; E. M., 2s. 6d.; "Widow," 2s. 3d.; "Lucky Nine," 1s.; W. W., 7½d.; J. H., 1s. 3d.; W. G. B., 1s.; R. W. H., 5s.; "Unlucky One," 1s.; "Pensioner," 7d.; O. E. 6081, 1s. 1½d.; "Little Ninth," 9d.; "Jean," 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Peterborough), 4s. 4d.; Anon., 3s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 2d.; "Hopeful," 6d.; "Two Eighteenths," 11s. 3d.; "Ex-Service Man," 5½d.; Anon., 1s 6d.; N. W., 5½d.; "Good Luck," 3½d.; "Black Cat," 1s.; J. B., 1s.; "Rgunning," 1s 0½d.; A. E., 1s. 3d.; "Dawson's Daddy," 2s. 6d.; C. C., 2s.; D. E. W., 2s.; "Chemist," 3s. 9d.; H. W. H., 4d; C. A., 5d.; W. E. B., 1s. 9d.; "Beam Ends," 6d.; W. C., 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; J. H., 8d.; "Two Sisters," 1s. 6d.; "East Lothian," 1s. 2d.; "Two Hard Ups," 7d.; "Unlucky," 6d.; S. S., 1½d.; J. M., 2s. 4d.; "Thirteenth," 3½d.; "Oxford," 6d.; "The 999th," 1d.; Mrs. H. W., 3s.; Anon., 9½d.; "Unlucky," 9d.; J. M. C., 10d.; "Hard Luck," 10½d.; H. W. M., 2s. 6d.; "Neel," 4s.; "806," 1s.; "Pensionless T. B.," 1s. 4d.; "Mother," 4d.; "Kilowatts," 1s. 8d.; "Two Nirers," 1s. 8d.; A. & K., 2s. 6d.; "Sapper," 4s. 3d.; V. W. G., 2s.; "Alpha," 1s.; C. T., 1s.; Mrs. F. L. H., 1s. 1½d.; "Twins," 2s.; "Bulwell," 6d.; "September," 6d.; "Unemployed," 3d.; "Luck Penny," 2s.; W. J. C., 1s 2d.; "Syter," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; N. & J., 5½d.; Anon., 6d.; T. J., 6d.; "Unlucky," 7½d.; Anon., 1s. 4½d.; "Club Foot," 1s. 1d.; P. W., 1s.; "Mother of Five," 1s.; "Two Ninths," 2s.; "Blanche," 3s.; I. M. L., 3s. 3d.; "Harry," 7s.; "Mac" (Greenock), 1s.; "Good Luck," 6d.; "Dum Spiro Spero," 9d.; J. E. R., 2s. 5d.; F. W., 6d.; C. W., 1s. 6d.; "George," 4½d.; U. E., 1s.; D. M. S., 2s. 6d.; "Hardaker," 5s.; "Widow's Mite," 1s.; A. O. L., 6½d.; M. O. A., 11½d.; M. E. L., 2d.; M. G. L., 2s. 5d.; S. M. S., 6s.; "Oxo," 8d.; T. O. L., 1s.; "Sparks," 1s.; "Fed Up," 11d.; P. P., 9d.; T. H., 4s. 2d.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. S. R., 1s.; A. R. B., 1s.; H. R., 1s.; "In Memory of Daddy," 1s. 7d.; "Odd," 1s 3d.; "Nimble," 2s. 6d.; A. W., 4s. 6d.; B. S., 2s 8d.; A. M., 9d.; "Heath," 1s. 0½d.; M. J., 1s. 9d.; "Down and Out," 16s. 6d.; V. C., 9d.; "Widow," 4½d.; R. L. F. E., 2s. 6d.; H. H., 5s.; "Hopeful," 1s.; "Ninther," 2s. 8d.; "Leek," 1s. 1d.; "Dorothy," 9½d.; "Tibs," 3d.; T. L., 3s. 9d.

(*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)

THE SHOP WINDOW

TO all who have praised our advertising policy—Greetings. And also to the thousands who have responded to our advertisements. And to those who intend to do so during 1923, We wish you all a Happy New Year. We have done our best in 1922, and have kept our columns clear of any trade advertisement which was likely to mislead. No complaint which has reached us has been left unattended. We promise that we will do this, and more, during the coming year.

S. A. Barry & Co. have received many Christmas and New Year cards from their army of customers. One of the most interesting comes from Charlie Chaplin who, though in far Los Angeles, has not forgotten his pleasant dealings with them during his visit to England.

There are two hospital appeals in this number—St. Dunstan's and the United Hospitals. Amongst your New Year resolutions, see that you give these two advertisements the support which they thoroughly deserve.

One of the best of the January sales is that of Curzon Brothers, the well-known tailors, who make a special 14 days' offer. Those of our readers who do not live within reach of their shops can deal with them with perfect safety by post.

There are suits at £2, £3 or £4 for all—whatever their waist measure, for tall and slim or short and stout.

Though you think you have got everything you need, glance through our "Small Ads. Worth Watching." You may change your mind.

THE BIG WINNER

THE "Bullets" Record Christmas Box has been won with the delightfully humorous line:—"Sooner The Better—Scrymgeour 'Goes Off Pop'," on which we congratulate the winner heartily. "Bullets" competitors in general have shown a distinct distaste for the tactics of the prohibitionists, but it was left to Mr. Arthur Anderson to put their opinions into the concise, amusing and original form which so justly earned him £1,500. The over enthusiasm of the rabid prohibitionist and his liking for gassy drinks of a non-alcoholic nature are very cleverly suggested in Mr. Anderson's line, and there is a well-turned double in "Goes Off Pop"; first, that Mr. Scrymgeour might explode by "the exuberance of his own verbosity," and second, that he should give up drinking "Pop." A large number of the "Bullets" reached a very high standard of merit, and we propose to comment generally on the competition in next week's issue.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 468.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500:

MR. ARTHUR ANDERSON, 68, Westbury Rd., Ealing Rd., Wembley.
Example:—SOONER THE BETTER.
Bullet:—SCRYMGEOUR "GOES OFF POP."

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

MISS W. E. CHAVE, 25, High Street, Brigouse, Somerset.
Example:—GOLDEN DAWN.
Bullet:—"GILT-EDGED" STEADILY "RISES."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

MR. WALTER J. TAYNTON, 91, Sanford Road, London, W. 12.
Example:—BED OF ROSES.
Bullet.—HOTEL CECIL—EMBANKMENT'S "OPPOSITE."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. E. BRINDLEY, 14, Scarletts Road, Colchester, Essex:
To BE CONTINUED—VICTORIA, ALEXANDRA, MARY —— ?
R. W. DAVEY, 3, Tennis Court Terrace, Cambridge:
A WISE MISS—HANGS MISTLETOE—AND GRUNDY.
WILLIAM AKESTER, 17, West Promenade, Driffield, Yorks.:
SOONER THE BETTER—EMPLOYERS "CEASE FIRING" TOO.
H. C. HOUGHTON, "Lyncroft," Lytham Rd., Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.:
MY CHRISTMAS BOX—IMPROVED—SINCE WIFE SMOKES.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)
P. DUNN, 150, Tollington Park, Stroud Green, N. 4.:
IT—ULTIMATUM'S ESSENCE.
A. WARREN, 5, Coles Lane, Sutton Coldfield:
IMPOSSIBLE—MERELY "EXTENDED" OUR ARMIES.
C. BLANDFORD, 373, Heath Street, Birmingham:
AUNT SALLY—CALLS SIDECAR "BAGGAGE WAGON."
W. F. CLARKE, 23, Colliery Row, Whitwell, Mansfield:
GOOD FEW—MAKE NOISE LIKE WORK.
CECIL HOULDCROFT, 26, Ashley Road, Southport.
IT—TAXPAYER LAUGHS, HE'S HYSTERICAL.
GEORGE H. H. EATON, 18, Oversetts Road, Newhall, Nr. Burton-on-Trent.
HOW IT BEGAN—PESSIMISM—AS BLIND OPTIMISM.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

GEORGE LUNN MOORCROFT, Conway Rd., Llandudno Junction, N. Wales:
AT CHRISTMAS—BANSHEE SINGS IRELAND'S CAROLS.
MONA JAMES, 9, Churchfield Street, Dudley:
WHAT FATHER SAYS—DRIVES MOTHER TO "DISTRACTION."
I. WALTERS, 69, Cocker Street, Blackpool, N. Side:
GOOD FEW—INCONTINENT WHEN ON CONTINENT.
F. W. BALLARD, 103, Blatchington Rd., Hove, Sussex:
GOLDEN DAWN—WHEN YANKEE OPENS MOUTH.
MRS. C. GREENING, 32, Frickley Road, Sheffield:
A LONG STOCKING—STIGGINS' "RAISED HIS EYES."
MISS ANNIE O'HARA, 1222, Springburn Rd., Glasgow:
HARD TO MASTER—NATION WITH CHEMICAL SUPREMACY.
J. EVANS, Ffostrasol Inn, Ffostrasol, Cards.:
LOVELY LIAR—CALLED IT A CIGAR.
MISS MAY BEATTIE, 332, High St., Linlithgow:
LOVELY LIAR—"SILK STOCKINGS FOR SISTER."
GEORGE B. GREPSON, 55-6, Church Street, Preston, Lancs.:
SUITABLE PRESENT—FOR COUE—A PARROT.
FREDERICK HILL, 26, Ryland Street, Ladywood, Birmingham:
AT FIRST SIGHT—BIG MEN OBSCURE HORIZON.

"BULLETS" NEW YEAR OFFER

2nd PRIZE £50

10 PRIZE OF £5
10 PRIZE OF £2 10
25 PRIZE OF 10/-

FIRST PRIZE £1,500

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd PRIZE £10

100 PRIZE OF 5/-
500 PRIZE OF 2/6
2000 TARGET PRIZES

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 470.

MY NEW YEAR WISH
PRINCIPAL GIRL
KEEPING A DIARY
STERN WARNING
A PANTOMIME
FRENCH LEAVE
JOLLY
HOME AGAIN
WHITE MAN'S BURDEN
LATER ON
NOW AND AGAIN
SILENT WITNESS
BROADCASTING
OFF DUTY
WHY SHE SMILED
NEVER KISSED
A FAIRY
WHERE LOVE IS
WHAT FATHER GETS
THE END
RIPE FOR MISCHIEF
MOST NEEDFUL
FLAPPER'S GAME
SWEET SIMPLICITY
DOUBTFUL COMPANY
DRY ROT
THINKING
A SNOWBALL
FATHER TIME
A LARGE FAMILY
SHAM FIGHT
FIRST ROUND

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the Three Chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 470 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet: WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 470, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(470) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(470) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(470) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(470) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 468 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."

Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

☞ **Owing to the Christmas holidays the result of "Bullets" Competition No. 469 will be published in the issue dated JANUARY 13th.**

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